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# SUCCESS

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MAGAZINE

The National Post



OCTOBER

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A GIRL OF THE  
THIRTY THOUSAND

Hot a Strike



CREAM  
of  
WHEAT

A DAINTY BREAKFAST  
*A Delicious Dessert*

# SUCCESS

## MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN  
Founder and Editor

AND

## The National Post

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Now the real value of a loaf of bread or a jar of jam or a hundred or so other things we use from day to day we have some knowledge of. But there are countless other things we

need and buy of whose actual value we have little knowledge. These we must buy largely on recommendation or confidence in the maker or seller and their methods of making and selling. If he advertises, that in itself furnishes the foundation for confidence. We know something about him and his product. No one can successfully advertise a product that has no merit. He cannot afford to endanger the good name his advertising is designed to build up by giving inferior goods or charging exorbitant prices. His success depends upon giving you "value received" for your money. He is advertising to tell you as cheaply as he can of his wares—to get you to buy his product and, in the doing, to so merit your satisfaction and good will that you will buy of him again.

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# In The Editor's Confidence

GODS ARE WITH US

## The Man on the Lid

It was near the end of President Roosevelt's seven years on the Big Job. The President was starting on a characteristic swing around the circle, and pausing, with a foot on the ear step and a muscular hand on the brass rail, he remarked jovially to a group of reporters that he was "leaving Taft on the lid."

Taft has been pretty consistently on the lid ever since.

It is rather difficult to write frankly about Taft. For one thing, we have to begin by admitting that we all like him. He has had a good many puzzling jobs loaded on his big shoulders, and has always managed to give out the impression that he was handling them well. Of his really great ability there is not the slightest doubt.

It is probably Taft's misfortune that he did not tumble and fight his way up through the political struggle for existence—that process which so mercilessly and unmercifully uncovers the real man before it gets through with him—but came in by the side door after half a lifetime on the bench and in other fairly secure and comfortable appointive berths.

The American people, more than any other modern civilized people, have a curious habit of making half-gods of their judges; and some shreds of this awful judicial aura still waver mistily about Taft. He isn't quite distinct, even yet. But he is distinct enough by this time to show forth certain indications of the judicial habit of thought. His apparent inconsistencies of attitude on certain grave public problems have made him appear to many thoughtful citizens as a wavering man, a weak man. Frankly, we do not think him a weak man at all. He is a strong man. But he unmistakably has a distaste amounting to repugnance for all such facts as are "inadmissible as evidence." He likes to decide an important question on the logic of the evidence that is laid before him, ignoring the looser and more bewildering "passions of the mob." That is why it has been possible to "get" Taft by simply placing the "right" evidence before him and carefully seeing to it that the "wrong" evidence is kept out of his view. He has a deep sense of order. He dislikes change. He dislikes disturbance of any sort.

And so, when the LaFollettes and Murdochs and Dollivers and Cumminses and Norrises began to rise and clamor for reform, for change, for political revolution, Taft set out to treat them exactly as he would have treated a group of disorderly spectators in his court. But this method didn't work very well. The power of the Federal judge to order about and to punish, the power of the Governor-General to rule by administrative edict, was no longer his. These political freebooters turned out to have rights, even to have facilities for striking back. So Taft did the next best thing in the circumstances; he allied himself instantly and instinctively with the recognized and "regular" leaders, with the Cannons, the Aldriches, the Murray Cranes and (incidentally) the John Hays Hammonds.

In the light of this interpretation Taft's subsequent course, down to the veto of the Arizona and New Mexico statehood bill, becomes clear. Indeed he himself has made it clear. In that illuminating message on the Arizona matter, he frankly overruled the expressed will of the people of that territory regarding a matter of their own local government, on the ground that their proposal to establish the recall of judges was subversive not even of the letter of the Constitution but merely of its spirit, as interpreted by himself. In other words, the thought that the estimable gentlemen who drew up that document a hundred and thirty years ago *might* have considered the proposal too democratic, was enough for Taft. His reliance on what he calls "the fundamental will of the people" explains it. He means not the will of the people of Arizona, not at all the will of the people of the United States to-day, but the will of that little group of early gentlemen and merchants who wore silk knickerbockers and side-arms and powdered their hair and fought duels and traveled by horse and kept slaves and had only lately given up the rather unenlightened sport of burning witches.

As regards the recalling of judges we have doubts of our own. The unquestioned results that Mr. Ban Johnson has brought about by taking from our ball players the inherent right to recall an umpire by force and endowing that gentleman with a power hardly less than majestic, are in mind as we write. But there can hardly be doubts, even in the case of a nation that is only mildly and timidly democratic, regarding the extreme inappropriateness of overruling by Presidential veto the expressed wish of a new State in a matter of self-government.

Taft's other important acts—his apparent pliancy in the matter of the outrageous Payne-Aldrich Tariff and of the recent vetoes of the wool, cotton and farmers' free list bills, his usefulness to the exploiters of "Dollar Diplomacy," and above all his yielding instinctively to the skilfully worked-up conspiracies against Pinchot, Glavis and (apparently) Wiley, are quite in character. His early dismissal of Garfield can be read in the same light. His attitude on these measures has been consistently that of a "conservative," who wishes above all to uphold the "established order." And his attitude toward these individuals was equally consistent; for all these men no less than the monster LaFollette himself, were exponents of the spirit of progress, of change.

If Taft could only have had the luck to fall into an era of relative stability—such as have been known in the history of civilization—he might easily have become one of the great figures of history. For he has the qualities. He is really stable. He is really patient, and really courageous. But it was his misfortune to fall into an era of rapid, even bewildering change. If tragedy is the conflict of an individual with a hostile environment, Taft's fate may conceivably be tragic.

For just now, when the man has reached something near the summit of his growth in ability and strength, civilization is fairly bounding forward, throwing out the old devices and the old traditions and all the old rule-of-thumb methods and substituting the new-fangled applied science in every department of human life. All civilization is responding to the biological law of change, to the law that all life, to continue living, must be constantly adapting itself to its constantly changing environment.

Nearly every other civilized nation in the world is getting along faster than the United States in this struggle to move with the times. Great Britain, the most democratic and therefore in certain ways the most widely of these nations, is actually changing not only her outward form of government but even her economic balance in the desperate struggle to catch up with the new facts. Our own nation, with its immense centralized vested interests holding on to property "rights" and resisting all change, is one of the most puzzling and dangerous cases of arrested development in the world.

In the light of these facts we are frankly sorry that Taft is again a candidate. Even if he can be reelected he cannot possibly stop this world-wide forward movement toward democracy. He personally cannot even delay it much. He can, in fact, do little more than get run over. There have been many times in the world's history when Tafts were needed. There will be times again. But a Taft to-day is a danger-spot. He calls to mind, to indulge in another metaphor, a stout-hearted and muscular volunteer on a boat in the rapids, devoting himself to the task of heading upstream while his craft sweeps blindly on down among the rocks.

We need steersmen to-day, not resisters. We need men who look forward, not back. The men of to-day are the very Wilsons and LaFollettes who, to Taft's mind, mean only disaster. There is nothing local about these modern types; they are springing up the world around. Even LaFollette is a very mild reformer indeed beside the British Lloyd-George.

The rulers of to-morrow are certain to be the very "people," the very "rabble" and "mob" that so disturb Taft in his business of dealing in a dignified manner with recognized and imposing officials and judges and "leaders." And the "will of the people" that is inevitably to prevail is the will, not at all of a few ancient gentlemen in knee-breeches, but of the living, struggling, hoping human beings of to-day and to-morrow.

*An absorbing new serial story,*

**"LITTLE MYSTERY,"**

by James Oliver Curwood,

author of "*World Hunters of the North*,"

begins in the November number.

*In this first installment is told how Sergeant Mac-Weigh and Private Pelleter, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, find a baby girl in an igloo on Hudson Bay, and also how "Little Mystery" becomes the unconscious pivotal figure of a thrilling drama of the northland.*



ALBERT MATZKE.

He wondered whether they saw what he could see—the whole of Motherhood

Drawing by ALBERT MATZKE, Illustrating MADONNA

# Some Lessons from Panama

*Where the United States Government, in Building the Canal, and in Operating Two Railroads, a Steamship Line, Two Hotels, a Department Store and a Food Supply Business, is Making a Test on a Large Scale of Direct Government Activity in Industry and Commerce.*

*These "Lessons" are particularly timely in View of the Suggestion that the Government Solve the Alaskan Tangle by Building and Operating its own Railroad*

BY ALBERT EDWARDS

Illustrated with Photographs



VISIT to the Isthmus of Panama will make any American proud of his nation. The Canal is the greatest undertaking of the Age. Its success is assured. Even jealous foreigners agree that—in grandeur of conception, and efficiency of execution—  
intricacy of detail—it is a national achievement without parallel.

Yet to admit pride in this enterprise is a grave heresy to what we have been taught to revere as the very spirit of Americanism. No great work of modern times has been carried on with as little of that "individual initiative" which we are wont to consider the basic principle of our industrial progress.

The "political economy" which most of us studied in our youth, the editorials we are accustomed to read, are explicit on this point. Every warship added to our Navy is the text for countless sermons on how much quicker and cheaper and better work can be done by private corporations than by the Government. We are in the habit of applying Spence's dictum, "that government is best which governs least" most emphatically to Industry. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of us believe that in business, at least, "individual initiative" is superior to "collective enterprise." We go a step further and believe that in some definite way this "individual initiative" is connected with the expectation of money gain. If we want to get the best out of a man we expect to offer him a share in the profits of the concern.

The Panama Canal is a Government job. It is being dug by Government employees—bossed by Government engineers. No one of the 30,000 odd workers is getting or going to get a "profit." From Colonel Gethins down to the Barbadian negro boys who carry water none of them are spurred on by the incentive of "profit-sharing." They are wage-earners.

This is surely contrary to the industrial dogma we have always been taught. But whether we like it or not, it is a matter of facts.

The first heterodox fact which is likely to surprise the visitor from home is the sight of a high power locomotive, with "U. S." stenciled on the cab. There are two railroads on the Canal Zone owned and operated by the Government: the Isthmian Canal Commission system, used exclusively for construction purposes, and the Panama Railroad, which besides helping in the Canal work, does a large and profitable commercial business.

Compared with other tropical railroads the P. R. R. is a model of efficiency and economy in every department. There is no system at

a publicly owned railroad would surely fail; it would be eaten up by corruption, administered on the "spoils system," and become the headquarters for general inefficiency. The thing can not be done—we have been taught—without the incentive of "private profits." Most of us have believed this. It is done on the Isthmus of Panama. And it is hard to understand how conditions can be more favorable in the midst of a tropical jungle than they are at home.

Long before the visitor from home gets accustomed to riding on a Government railroad, he is disturbed by a host of new and even more heretical facts.

We are more or less used to people who demand Government ownership of railroads. Once in a while some one aggressively suggests that our municipalities wipe out the shame of their slums by building model homes for the workers. We have heard that Munich and other foreign cities have done so successfully. But as yet no one has suggested that the Government should feed the people.

If you visit the Isthmus you will eat at a Government table.

Not content with managing the transportation, not satisfied with

being a landlord, the Isthmian Canal Commission has become a restaurant keeper, waiter and cook.

Here is a statement of the length to which this heretical tendency has been carried.

The cost of running the messes for "gold," European and negro employees during the six months ending December 31, 1909, was over \$700,000, and the receipts and expenditures practically balanced. A statement giving the receipts and expenditures by months for the European messes, West Indian Kitchens and hotels, including the Tivoli, follows:

Month	Receipts	Expenses
July	\$124,512.19	\$122,206.33
August	117,018.83	119,195.60
September	117,018.83	119,195.60
October	110,115.78	120,894.12
November	115,445.75	117,588.77
December	120,517.48	122,190.99
Total	\$716,121.75	\$719,069.88

UNCLE SAM'S OWN RAILROAD—HIS NAME IS ON THE ENGINE AND THE CARS

*There is no system at home so thoroughly equipped with safety appliances*

home so thoroughly equipped with safety appliances. The accident rate both for employees and passengers sets a standard which none of our privately owned lines have ever approached. The two systems together operate about 300 miles of track in the Zone, and carry more traffic per mile than any railroad in the States, except a few terminal systems like that of the Chicago stock-yards.

The Annual Report to the stockholders of the Panama Railroad Company—it is technically a private corporation so that it can conduct a commercial business—for the year ending June 30, 1910, shows a "gross earning" of \$6,100,788.83. Extensive relocation work is in progress, but the operating expenses were only \$4,358,426.92. The Company also operates a direct line of steamers between Colon and New York. They make the run between these ports in a day less than the competing lines and in the year ending June 30, 1910, they earned over \$150,000 net.

Many people in authority have told us that



THE FAMOUS CULEBRA CUT

*Part of the force which is moving enough material in one month to build three of the biggest Egyptian pyramids*



THE MIRAFLORES LOCK CHAMBER

*There is great rivalry between the divisions building the different locks and dams*

The rations at the messes for European laborers have been increased, among the additions being wine three times a week, instead of twice a week. There was an increase in the number of men eating at these messes in December of over three hundred, the total at the close of the month being 3,375 men, out of a possible 4,800, which is the number of European laborers in Commission bachelor quarters.

The Annual Report of the Isthmian Canal Commission for 1907 gives this account of the Subsistence Department:

"Fifteen hotels are operated for white Americans, where good wholesome meals were furnished for 30 cents each.

"Eighteen mess-halls are operated for the Europeans, where a day's board is furnished for 40 cents. The stewards and cooks at these messes are usually Europeans, and a meal peculiar to the tastes of the men boarding there is served.

"There are in operation 23 kitchens for West Indian laborers, where a day's board is furnished for 30 cents.

"The number of meals served during the month of June, 1907, is as follows: Hotels, 197,419; messes, 286,155; kitchens, 456,765, or nearly a million meals for the month.

"The subsistence operations are merely self-supporting; it is not the purpose to make a profit."

Since this was written the labor force was increased about fifty per cent.—to 35,000—and is now decreasing as the bulk of the work is finished.

It is an eloquent tribute to the Government's cuisine that 3,375 of the 4,800 European laborers—who are free to eat where they will—prefer the mess-halls to anything which "individual initiative" has to offer. There are three "club" messes run by unmarried white men in opposition to the commission hotels. Perhaps a hundred Canal employees use them. But in spite of the large income from the

"bar" these private messes are more expensive and very little better than the Government's meals.

No private contractor in the world feeds his employees as well as the Isthmian Canal Commission. There are very few of the employees



*Copyright by Underwood & Underwood*

**COL. GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.**  
*The idea that the only way to get the best work out of a man is to give him a money interest in the profits of the concern is disproved every day in the Canal Zone*

who ever ate better meals, slept in cleaner, more comfortable beds, or amused themselves in more wholesome clubs than those furnished by the Government.

This is true of the American mechanicians and clerks, whose standard of living is high in the States. It is more strikingly true of the laborers—both European and West Indian. A Barbadian negro at home earns a shilling a day during the few weeks when the sugar is planted and harvested and not much of anything the rest of the year. He lives in a shack of corrugated iron, dry goods boxes and thatch and eats plantains. In the Canal Zone he earns a dollar a day—seventy cents clear above the cost of three square meals. His lodgings are free. There is no comparison at all between the lot of a West India negro boy on the Canal and one who works in the neighboring banana fields or mines.

In all the complicated relations between employer and employee the Government is more liberal than a private contractor can afford to be. We hear a good deal nowadays about "Employers' Liability" in industrial accidents. The procedure on the Isthmus is model in this matter. During the last year more than ten million pounds of dynamite were used in the Zone. No other job in the world approaches this consumption of explosive. The representative of the Du Pont Powder Company is on record to the effect that the accident rate is incredibly low. But when the inevitable happens the heirs do not need a lawyer. The indemnity is almost automatic. The men themselves have nothing to suggest either in regard to preventing accidents or simplifying the legal procedure.

Besides the unorthodox things the visitors see and eat and hear in the Canal Zone, the things he reads in the Annual Reports of the Commission are just as surprising and numerous.

When our Government undertook this immense job, there was nothing heretical in its intentions. It proposed, to dig the canal by private enterprise. In accord with the "true spirit of Americanism" it was planned to give

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A WEST INDIAN EMPLOYEES' KITCHEN

*There is no comparison between the lot of these laborers and those who work in the neighboring banana fields and mines*



WALL AND CULVERT OF THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS

*Bridge games at the University Club have been broken up by debates concerning the relative progress of work here and at Miraflores*

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

# The Soul Machine

BY OWEN OLIVER

*Illustrations by P. D. Johnson*

**T**HE blinds of the lecture room were drawn, but a fussy little breeze had joined its enemy, the sun, and the allies made sudden sorties through the flapping defences. In one of these incursions the light fell upon the upturned face of the girl in the front row. She was watching the professor with a frightened but not unwilling fascination; and he was watching her. She had, it occurred to him then, the look of a martyr; and her light hair, lit by the sun, passed very well for a halo. He was a very tall, very dark, very stern-looking man, and young for his position. People said that he would make a great name. "All the known powers of the universe," he was saying, "are forums of vibration. The unknown power, that we call the soul, no doubt like the rest."

The girl in the front row shivered. She felt that she was being drawn to the edge of the abyssmal unknown.

"One by one we discover the secrets of the vibrations; and so we catch the powers, and make them our servants. *Some day we shall catch the soul!* I can even fancy how we shall do it. We shall keep guessing at the form of the vibrations—discovery always begins with guess—and testing our guesses; and some day we shall happen to guess right. We shall make some contrivance that would vibrate in unison with the soul vibrations, if they existed; and we shall find that it does and they do; and then we shall set to work to capture them."

"We shall begin by connecting the vibrating contrivance with some mechanism to register the vibrations; just as the 'record' of phonograph registers speech in the form of minute indentations or lines. The next step—and this is the difficult one—will be to turn this inexpressive record back into the thoughts which it represents; as a phonograph turns the lines and indentations back into speech. Then we have invented this machine the first part of our task will be done. We shall have caught the soul, and its secrets will be secrets no more."

He paused. The girl in the front row looked at the professor with eyes like lamps. "And then"—the professor leaned forward, and his eyes seemed to seize her—"we shall tame the wild force that we have trapped. The soul is the hardest of the powers to catch; but it will be the easiest to subdue to service. It is its very nature to act out what is presented to it as the thing to be done. The controller of the Soul Machine will only have to turn the machine backwards to impress his own will on other souls. The rule of the world will be in the hands of the man who invents the Soul Machine."

He bowed to indicate the end of his lecture, and the class broke up.

The girl in the front row rose slowly, and gathered up her books. The professor glanced after her, and she put them down again. When they were alone he held out his hand. She hesitated; then gave him hers. They had not spoken before.

"I think we have got as far as vibrating in sympathy," he suggested. "Sometimes," she answered without looking at him, "I think that you have hypnotized me."

"I shouldn't call it hypnotism," he said. "When two minds—two anything—vibrate in unison, the stronger sets the pace. That is . . ."

"And yours is the stronger." She drew a deep breath. "You wished me to stay?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Is that so hard to guess?" he asked rather awkwardly.

"Oh!" the girl cried sharply. "It isn't that . . . Don't pretend."

"No," he said. "I won't. We shall be good friends, I hope; but it isn't that. My life has bigger things than—friendship. I want assistance, and I chose you; because we are 'in unison' for one thing; because I can trust you, for another."

"Because you are the stronger, and I can't be false, I suppose. . . . I don't think I should be anyhow. . . . Yes? What is it?"

"I have invented the Soul Machine," he stated. "It is in my private laboratory upstairs."

The girl quivered and looked at him with frightened eyes.

"The—Soul—Machine!" she echoed.

"The Soul Machine," he repeated. "Up to a point, that is. It registers, but it does not reproduce—yet. It will; with your assistance."

"Am I the first victim?" she asked. She spoke as an inquirer, not as one with a voice in the decision.

"No," he said, "rather you will be—part of the machine, I think. I shall not hurt you. Do not be nervous."

She clasped and unclasped her hands.

"You know," she said slowly, "that I have no choice; that I must obey."

"Do you wish to disobey?" he asked. She shook her head.

"You have hypnotized me, I think," she said. "I—it is as you said. My mind has to follow yours. . . . Be good to me . . . as good as you can be."

"I will be as good to you as I can be," he promised. "Come."

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"Don't you understand a little, dear?"

She followed him up-stairs.

The laboratory consisted of two rooms, one entered through the other. The outer room was filled with ordinary scientific apparatus, and lighted by two windows that looked out upon a field of housetops. The inner room, when he opened the door, was quite dark.

"Some of the things are affected by sunlight," he explained. "I will turn on the light as soon as we are inside. Give me your hand, Miss —?"

"Myra Hamilton," she said, staring into the darkness within. "Shall I ever come out again?"

"Of course! You don't think I am going to murder you in the dark, do you? . . . I will turn on a little light first, if you are afraid. . . . There! Now come in."

She entered, closed the door, and stood with her back against it, looking at the curtains that surrounded the center of the room. He pulled a lever, the curtains rolled back slowly; and she saw the Soul Machine.

A powerful electric dynamo stood at one end. The Soul Machine proper occupied a space of about twelve feet long by five feet wide, rose about five feet from the floor, and descended into a space beneath—a rotary apparatus with complicated attachments.

The central rotary portion consisted of an elliptical chain band revolving on broad-flanged wheels. The band carried four and twenty discs of a whitish material, like alabaster, mounted on short stems. These, the professor explained, were the receivers that took up the vibrations of the soul, or group of souls, to which they were "set."

The "setters" were a number of tiny-colored electric globes—nearly a hundred—arranged in a double row on each side of the upper course of the discs or receivers. Silvered reflectors were placed behind them, to throw their light upon the discs. They sensitized the receivers, he explained, much as light affects a photographic film, but with the important difference that the sensitization could be "wiped out," and the discs used again and again.

The discs were carried round from left to right, coming up on the left from the pit, and cleaned like a slate for their next impression. They carried the impression to the far end of the machine, toward a curious apparatus there. The professor called it the diaphragm. It stood upon a platform about four feet square poised upon a complicated arrangement of pulleys and wheels and steel balls running upon other steel balls. The diaphragm itself was hung upon wires with similar elaborations. It was about four feet long, about a foot wide, and perhaps two inches thick. It appeared to be a slab of cream-colored wax, convoluted like a walnut, or a huge brain spread out in the form of a tablet. The wires were gathered up in a waxen globe, somewhat like a spherical brain. Other wires ran from this to five dials.

"These," said the professor, "are the recorders. Will you attend to me carefully, Myra?"

"Yes," she said, "Master!"

There was a touch of sarcasm in her voice as she uttered the submissive word, and her eyes flashed with a light of their own, for the first time. It had occurred to her that he could not make her attend, unless she chose.

"I understand, Myra," he said quietly. "Yes. You have a choice. You can not help obeying; but your obedience is of little use, unless you try to make it useful. It is for you to choose whether you will assist me in the greatest discovery of all time. If you refuse you can go—go now and return no more. If you agree, you will have no more choice. You will be bound ever after. I give you fair warning. Now choose."

They looked at each other for a long while.

"You could release me," she suggested, "at any time afterwards."

"Yes; but I should not."

She drew a very deep breath.

"I think you have hypnotized me," she gasped. "I . . . Your slave is ready, Master. . . . I never thought to be that to any man. . . . Go on."

He shook her hand with some warmth.

"You will be my partner in the greatest work ever done!" he declared. "Thank you. . . . Well, now you will attend carefully. The diaphragm takes down the vibrations of the soul and exhibits them in a kind of spectrum—bands of color with little breaks between. Certain colors stand for certain affections of the mind. Anger widens the red. Disappointment darkens the green. Intense mental exertion makes the yellow wide and faint. Pain brings out certain dark bands; and so on. In that way we might tell from the spectrum with practice that a soul was—let us say—angry and disappointed; perhaps even that it was angry and disappointed because it had failed in some hoped-for mental achievement; but that is hopelessly inadequate to show the real soul. The dials do not even tell us as much as that. They merely indicate the intensity of certain of the primitive colors, and therefore of the mental facts for which these stand. In short the diaphragm at present represents the soul, but it does not re-translate it into your mind or mine. That is our problem in the future. . . . Well, now you will like to see it at work."

The girl shrank away from him.

"Not me!" she begged. "Not me!"

"Not if you are frightened," he said composedly. "You shall see it at work on me. Then perhaps you will believe that it is harmless. Sit in this chair and watch. . . . This is the arrangement that sets the machine to its particular 'victim' as you would call it."

He operated a keyboard that looked like that of a small typewriter.

"I have written down my soul characters," he said. "I will explain them to you some other time. Now the soul machine can capture me!"

He came back and stood on a marble slab beside the diaphragm, where a number of levers jutted out.

He pulled a lever. The electric machinery buzzed and crackled, and long bluish sparks sprang from one place to another. The little electric lights above shone out in a wonderful spangle of colors; some vivid, some bright, some pale, some barely visible, some apparently not lighted at all; defects in his character, perhaps the girl fancied. . . . She did not like the powerful black globe! It represented his cruelty, she told herself.

The band went round, and the spray hissed, and the discs revolved faster and faster.

"Look!" he cried, and pointed to the diaphragm. A spectrum like a many-colored rainbow shone upon the convoluted slab; and the girl roused to sudden interest.

"What is that?" she asked.

"It is I," he said, "so far as this kind of diaphragm will represent me; I as I am at this moment; the extraordinary medley of thoughts and feelings that exist even in a comparatively restful mind. The dials show better how restful."

He nodded at the indexes, and she went up to them. They registered from 0 to 100 she saw, and the highest pointer was at 7 now.

"Think of things," she begged excitedly. "Think of things!"

"You shall tell me what to think of," he proposed; and the girl clapped her hands.

"Work a sum," she told him. "I will put it down on this slate. . . . There! . . . Now work it. . . . The first dial is going up 9—10—11. . . . What does it stand for?"

"It estimates intellectual work," he stated. "The second dial has gone from 2½ to 3¾ you may have noticed. That is the physical effort."

"The third dial has gone up a little, too. What is that for?"

"Effort of will. The effort to work a simple sum is small in an educated man. It has become a habit. . . . Is the sum right?"

"Yes. The fourth dial has gone up just a little."

"The satisfaction which I get from my good arithmetic! That dial represents emotion."

"And now," she said at last, "think of me!"

Changes took place in the rainbow colors,

and in the dials as before. They represented his effort of attention, his aesthetic appreciation of her appearance, his satisfaction at having her assistance, and so on, he explained.

"And the fifth dial has gone up from 1½ to over 4," she said. "What does that mean?"

"That dial?" he said. "Oh—it is rather a tentative one. I meant it to indicate personal regard, or—affection, as we call it, in higher degrees. I haven't done much with it."

"I should imagine not," said the girl,

you have only taken down yourself!"

"It's up to 4½," he apologized. "I really do appreciate your assistance, and—and I feel that we shall easily grow friendly, and—It's gone to 5 . . . 5½! . . . It will go higher still. If you wait—Nearly 6 . . ."

"Please stop the machine," the girl said irritably. "I want to talk."

He laughed good-humoredly, and stopped the machine.

"I should not have promised," she protested, "if I had known that you had so little regard for people. I should have been too much afraid of you. . . . And I am . . . The machine shows that you are hard and unfeeling. . . . I wonder if I can break my promise . . . I wonder."

"No," he said. "You cannot."

"You could let me."

"No. I cannot . . . Myra, don't you understand? The success of this machine means the regeneration of the universe. If ten thousand people had to be sacrificed it would be my duty to do it; and you are only one."

The girl swayed a little.

"Then I am to be sacrificed," she said. "Oh! I knew! . . . I knew!"

"It depends on what you call sacrifice," he said. "I think, if you understand it rightly—but we will talk of that another time. . . . Come at eleven to-morrow morning, Myra."

"I will not come!" she cried.

The professor looked at her, and her eyes sank.

"I will come," she promised.

Then she went. She kept saying one word over and over to herself on the way home.

"Six . . . Six . . . Six!"

There was a feeling very like compassion in the professor's mind as he went toward the laboratory door. He expected to see a little black-robed, pale-faced figure, looking at him with doubtful eyes. Instead he found Myra radiant in white muslin, with a bright flower hat, and roses at her bosom, and pretty pink roses on her cheek, and holding a gay little parasol. She smiled at his surprise.

"Decked for the sacrifice!" she said with a laugh that was not wholly a laugh.

"It is not a sacrifice," he protested, "if you will understand. . . . You look very sweet."

"The dial will go to six and a half," she said sarcastically. "Let's try."

"The dials must take you down this morning," he told her.

"No," she cried. "I won't. . . . won't. . . ."

"You must," he said quietly. "Come."

He went to the inner room. She followed him. She dropped the parasol as she went in and let it lie. She had meant to catch him in Eve's woman-machine of adornment and smiles; and her wiles, she told herself, had failed.

"Sit down," he said, and handed her chair. She sank in it.

"I can't see the diaphragm and the dials from here," she objected.

"I do not wish you to," he answered. He experimented with the "setter" that looked like a typewriter for a time, while Myra stared in front of her, without looking round.

"Ah!" he said suddenly. "I've got you. She gave a cry. "Don't be frightened. I am merely going to take you down as I did with myself yesterday."

"And afterwards?" she asked in a dubious voice.

"I shall not hurt you at any time."

"But—?"

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"There is a difference between six and a hundred," she said in a voice that seemed to come from a long way off



Sitting on the floor holding the professor

"Hush! I will explain afterwards. . . . Now we will begin."

"I want to see!" she protested, in the same dull, hopeless voice.

"Some other time you shall see, Myra. I don't want your attention distracted to-day."

He moved the lever—she heard it click—and the lamp flashed out, and the spinning discs went whirling round; but she sat quite still as she had been bidden.

"Think of your school-days," he commanded. . . . "Your prizes, if you took any. . . . Try to remember some dates. The Magna Charta. . . . Its chief provisions."

Then he put other questions, gave her paper and a pencil to draw; made her play as if on a piano; told her to sing a song. She sang softly the first verse of "She is Far from the Land." She had a very good voice. Singing, in fact, was her accomplishment.

"And now the last verse," he asked, "not merely for the machine, but for your beautiful singing. . . . Thank you, Myra."

"It would be 6¾ now, don't you think?" she asked suddenly. "Won't you let me go now, and you try it on yourself?"

"Presently," he said. "Presently. We'll see what you make of the fifth dial. You are of a warmer disposition than I, and we ought to get some interesting results. Think of some relative; one whom you like. . . . None you like much, I gather. . . ."

"They are dead. . . . When my mother. . . ."

"I see," he interrupted. "I see! I'm sorry I asked you. Think of someone else. . . . Think of me. . . . Poor little Myra!" He laid his hand on her shoulder. . . . She gave a cry. There was a snapping sound; and then a noise as if a spring was broken and a clock was running down. The professor sprang back and stopped the machine. He looked at the index of the fifth dial. It had gone to 100; and then the spring had broken. Myra rose and saw it, too, and stood wringing her hands.

"There is a difference between six and a

hundred," she said in a voice that seemed to come from a long way off, "isn't there?"

"It would be more than six now, Myra," the professor said. It was he who flushed. The girl was very white.

"It would be—shall we say seven or eight?" She laughed feebly. "Well, now you know—why I chose to obey you. I am ashamed and sorry; but—you know. . . . You remember Elaine, perhaps? 'I have gone mad. I love you. Let me die.' . . . It was really the *only* thing to do! . . . I am ready for the sacrifice now. . . . Let it be soon. . . . To-day. What is it?"

"Come into the other room," he said hoarsely. He wiped his forehead.

"No. Not the light of day! . . . You must do it now. I shall die of shame, like Elaine, if you don't. I mean it. I am—that sort. . . . What is it? Tell me very exactly."

He wiped his forehead once more.

"There is only one diaphragm," he said, "that is adequate to receive the impressions of human souls, and give them out as they really are. It is—a human soul."

"Yes," she said. She was very calm now. "Go on."

"It must be a soul that will give itself up to the task; remove its own thoughts and feelings and will—or submit to have them removed."

"Yes."

"A clean soul with no stains that will not come out. You are that, Myra."

"Go on."

"A soul that I can control. . . . There might be others, but. . . . The final object of the machine is to put my desires—my best and worthiest desires, please God!—into the world, and make it better. The diaphragm to do that must be a soul that is not only all the things that I have said, but completely in sympathy with mine. . . . There is only you, Myra. . . . Shall the work be done or undone? I have no right to compel you, I see now. I give you back your power to choose."

He looked steadily in her eyes.

"I have told you," she said, "that I choose to die. I should die anyhow now you know how I feel about you. . . . Oh, yes, I should. You think one doesn't die of shame, but. . . . There's such a thing as tormenting the life out of yourself! . . . I'd rather die quickly and—please you."

"You will *not* die," he said. "You will merely lose consciousness of identity; entirely, while you act as the receiver and reproducer of the Soul Machine; to a lesser extent at other times. You will eat and drink and sleep and feel; but I fear that you will not think very much, or remember very well; or do things of your own accord. . . . It is a great sacrifice, of course, but—you will not know what you miss; and your life will be more useful than a million ordinary lives put together. . . . I will give you my utmost care. Do everything that can be done for your comfort. . . ." He hesitated. "Myra," he said suddenly. "Will you put off the—the sacrifice—for a year? Marry me to-morrow and let me endeavor to give you a year of happiness first."

The girl threw back her head scornfully.

"I would sooner die a thousand times!" she cried. "I cannot deny that I love you; but I hate myself for doing it. Hate—hate—hate! . . . It is now or never. Kill my soul—my identity—whatever you call it—to-day or you *never shall*. I will kill myself, if you do not, and escape you. . . . I hate the idea of marrying you so much that I will not do it, though I believe that in the year I would win your affection, and make it impossible for you to—kill me! . . . It is killing. . . . Well, if you don't, I shall."

The professor groaned.

"It must be," he said. "It must be. . . . I shall suffer in doing it, Myra."

"You *should* suffer," she said, "and perhaps. . . . You *shall* do one thing for me. Before I cease to be Myra Hamilton and be

*[Continued on page 51]*

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# The Protection of Nursing Mothers in Industry

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "THE EMPTY LINEN CHEST," "A PLEA FOR PURE FABRICS," ETC.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—*In those purely industrial towns and cities where women are largely employed the death rate for babies under one year of age is higher than the general average in the largest and most congested cities. One reason is that women who toil as factory operatives cannot care properly for their babies. In the present article Mrs. Vorse analyzes this condition, and calls attention to the inspiring progress made in Europe in saving the lives and health of the little ones.*

Excepting in Massachusetts, nothing has as yet been done in the United States to care for mothers in industry before, during, and immediately after childbirth. That much can be done is indicated by the splendid record of the city of Le Creusot, in France. Le Creusot is a purely industrial community, the population of which centers around the machine shops and steel works of Schenck & Co. This company half a generation ago came to the sensible conclusion that the workers should be strong and healthy, and carried its welfare work so far that the infant death rate was reduced to 11.04 per cent.—9.04 per cent. below the average rate of the industrial cities of France. The average for all France during the same period was 16 per cent.

I  
N the Bureau of Child Hygiene in the City of New York, there is a great map of New York City. This map is dotted with pins. The pins indicate the deaths of babies under one year of age. In the congested districts, the pins are as thick as if the map had broken out with measles.

The map of the City of New York, with its red and yellow pins, does not surprise one. One would expect a large infant death rate in the slums, where a congested and ignorant population lives in bad sanitary conditions—an alien population, too, unadjusted to the conditions of an appallingly new civilization.

It makes one wonder, however, that one should find a similar state of things in the industrial towns—towns not filled with the shiftless, brought together by chance, but communities of skilled workmen; communities, therefore, educated to a certain degree; often communities like those of Holyoke or Fall River, Mass., where there is no special congestion of the population. Yet it is in these manufacturing towns that we find a death rate of babies under one year of age greater than the death rate of New York, Boston or Chicago. In fact, it has been established by those who have studied these questions most deeply, that the congestion of the population has a comparatively slight effect on the death rate of little children.

## INDUSTRY THAT KILLS CHILDREN

If a similar map could be made of the United States, we should find that in whatever town industry is greatest, the greatest number of deaths of little children under one year of age occur.

Consider for a moment the population of any of our mill towns. In Fall River, for instance, we have a large French Canadian population. These people are strong and vigorous, fresh from the soil, with an open-air heritage of health. They were on the farms and in the villages of Canada yesterday. They are immigrants to-day. The parent race is still unsapped. The sturdy women bear many children. In Canada the children would be healthy and would grow like young animals; here they die in appalling large numbers.

The same conditions, with different races, exist in the Southern industrial towns; they are true in the industrial towns of the West; and in towns like Passaic and Paterson, New Jersey.

In European countries you will find a similar condition—a condition which obtains

with startling regularity; so much so that it is almost axiomatic that where there is manufacturing, there the babies die in the greatest numbers.

Industry—thriving, prosperous industry—whether it be the spinning and weaving of fabrics, the making of pottery, or the manufacturing of garments, is apparently paid for all over the world by the lives of babies. Just for a moment, run through a few instances in various countries.

## STRIKING FIGURES FROM STAFFORDSHIRE

Take, for example, the striking case embodied in Dr. George Reid's personal investigations in Staffordshire, England. As a health officer of Staffordshire, Dr. Reid was much impressed by certain discrepancies in the infant mortality rate between localities. In Staffordshire the industrial population is grouped together in two districts. In the North are those famous industrial towns where for hundreds of years pottery has been made, and where many women are employed, both girls and married women. In the South are grim mining towns, unlovely and disagreeable to look upon. Between is an agricultural district. As one would expect, of course, the death rate was lowest in the agricultural district, because, as we say in our loose phrase, "The country is good for children." We have not yet apparently developed enough historic sense to realize why the country is so much better for babies than a decently managed, small industrial town. Putting aside the higher infant death rate of the industrial communities, the fact which impressed Dr. Reid was that:

*There was a much higher infant mortality rate in the Northern towns of Staffordshire, which demanded the labor of women and girls, than in the Southern mining towns.*

His investigations showed that in the towns in which married workers constituted twelve per cent. or more of the female population the average death rate of infants during a period of twenty-three years was 200 per thousand.

In those towns in which the per cent. was between six and twelve the average was only 165 per thousand. Where the proportion fell below six per cent. in other words where it was not customary for married women to engage in industry, the death rate per thousand fell to 158.

Dr. Reid's further investigations made it evident that a great many of the deaths of infants were due to immaturity; that is, that the mother had worked too hard before the birth of her baby, and it had been born too soon and it had not had strength to survive;

that still further harm was done by separating mother and child through the return of the mother to her work. After an analysis of his own figures he exclaims:

"So much for the effect of the practice of married women working in factories upon the infantile mortality. I would point out, however, that the damage done cannot entirely be expressed by mortality figures, for these take no account of the impaired vitality of the infants who manage to survive to swell the ranks of the degenerate."

In Oberammergau there are two "beizierks." One is that of Dortmund; the people in this district are mainly agricultural laborers. Nearly is Oberammergau beizierk, Breslau, an industrial community. There are mines and steel works, and women work in the mines and in the mills. The people who inhabit these neighboring districts are of the same blood and inheritance, and they live under the same climatic conditions. Their only difference is one of occupation.

Let us look now at the mortality statistics. In the community where the people work in the fields, and raise cattle, the death rate of children under one year of age varies between 12.08 per cent. and 14.02 per cent.

In the neighboring district—the industrial district—the death rate of babies varies between 20.05 per cent. and 25.08 per cent. *There is no difference of climate or race between these two peoples, and yet we find the death rate of children jumping more than fifty per cent.*

## RACE DECLINE IN INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

Everyone remembers that during the war in South Africa there was much talk in England about racial deterioration, and that a commission was appointed to investigate its causes. One of the important reasons was announced to be the ever increasing number of married women in industry. One could go on with similar data indefinitely. We find agricultural England with a comparatively low infant death rate, industrial England throughout with a high death rate; and the eloquent and accurate statistics of France prove the same thing.

European statistics rather than those of this country are referred to, because of their greater exactness. The birth registrations in this country, especially in many of our industrial towns, are so inexact that such statistics as we have, instead of being based on the

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number of actual births, have to be based upon a computed infant population of under one year of age. In other words, the country at large has given the subject of the causes of the deaths of its little children so little thought that public opinion has not yet demanded an accurate registration of births. Without this accurate information no definite study can be made. All that can be said is that the death rate of children in our prosperous industrial towns is greater than the death rate in the non-industrial towns—sometimes even greater than the death rate of our great congested cities.

## WHY MARRIED WOMEN WORK

The census of 1900 stated that there were 769,477 married women breadwinners in the United States. How much these figures have increased during the last ten years we cannot tell yet, but there is every reason to believe that they have increased tremendously. In the first place the trend of civilization of this country has been to make more and more women self-supporting. The ready-made garment trade during recent years has called more and more women into its ranks; more and more immigrant women also have joined the ranks of the industrial workers—many of them women accustomed to work only in the fields.

There is another factor that has probably increased the ratio of married women in industry vastly during the past ten years, and that is the high cost of living. Let the cost of living go up without a corresponding increase in the wage scale and it is evident that the mothers must work.

In other words Industry has been saying to the men and women it employs:

"I will not pay the men who work for me—the breadwinners—a living wage; you, mothers, must work in the shop so that your children may eat. We do not care that one in three of your babies will die. This waste is immaterial to us. It is not our affair that if you could stay at home and feed your children yourselves, they would have increased chances of living."

The entrance of married women into industry has been viewed with disfavor from press and pulpit; by philanthropists as well, and by most thinking people. It has been pointed out repeatedly that woman's place is in the home. The women that really work have not argued this point. They have not argued it because they had no time to argue, since there was the immediate necessity of increasing the family budget. They probably never even heard of these indignant and high-minded people who point out that the reason married women go to work is for love of excitement and the desire for better clothes and for the higher motive of ambition—that they might "do better by their children."

*They work so that their children now living will not starve. They have done this in England, in Germany, and in France; they have done it in all the hard-pressed countries in the world and they are doing it in ever-increasing numbers in rich and prosperous America.*

What effect the entrance of women—and especially married women—into industry has had upon the infant mortality rate has already been indicated. Why it should have this effect it is not difficult to understand.

## WHY BABIES DO NOT GROW UP

First, as Dr. Reid suggests, there is the bad effect on the mother herself when she works up to the very day of the birth of her child. This overstrain—to cite two eminent authorities, Dr. Pinard and Dr. Reid—causes the large percentage of deaths from immaturity among children born of this class of mothers.

The second great reason is the re-entrance of women into industry soon after the birth of their children. The new-born baby has to be cared for by someone else—by anyone else. Sometimes it is left in the hands of

old woman who has an improvised nurse, or it may be left with some relative at home, or, if the mother is lucky, it is taken to some well-conducted day nursery. But the point is that it has been left somewhere away from its mother.

It is exactly here that we touch on one of the sore spots of the case. One of the chief reasons, according to authorities on the subject, for the great discrepancies which we find between the infant mortality rate in the agricultural districts and in the industrial towns is that in one case the mother can nurse her own baby and in the other she cannot. It is not the country air so much that saves the babies. The important thing is that in an agricultural community the baby is fed on its mother's milk, and in those towns where industry calls women into the factory the baby is artificially fed.

The third factor that enters into this question is the wage scale, which is at present so low in certain industries that the underfed mother is unable to nurse her child even when she doesn't work in the shop, whereas people who live in the farming communities are better fed. On a farm there is at least generally enough to eat.

Here we have the three chief reasons why little children die in the industrial communities.

The question naturally arises: Is this state of things inevitable? Must industry forever kill the children of the country? In every town where women are employed in the making of garments for other women to wear, or plates for them to eat from, must the children of those who work die? If this is true then surely the State is paying a terrible price for the prosperity of the captains of industry who employ women.

## EUROPE IS RECOGNIZING MOTHERHOOD

*Europe is coming to a belief that the function of motherhood is a high one, and that the rearing of healthy sons and daughters is the greatest service that can be rendered the State. It is ceasing sentimental talk of the sanctity of motherhood, and coming gradually to practical realization of the fact that a State which pays its soldiers and its workers, must also protect, and if necessary pay, the mothers of the soldiers and workers of the future.*

There is no apparent necessity for industry to be the destructive force that it is. There are various ways that the situation can be helped. In foreign countries the laws of the State have stepped in and replied to industry:

"Our children and their mothers are valuable to us. Our mothers must not be kept in the factory until the day before the birth of their children and forced to return three days afterwards. They must rest beforehand; they must stay out of the factory a reasonable time afterwards."

European countries, for reasons mentioned before, have paid more attention to this basic thing. At the "Conference for the Prevention of Infant Mortality" held in Berlin in 1900, seventeen European countries were represented and it was unanimously agreed that mothers should be forced to rest one month after childbirth. This enforced period of convalescence has been incorporated in the laws of all the great European countries and most of the small ones. The rest periods in different countries vary, from the law of Germany which provides for a period of two weeks before and six weeks after childbirth, to that of England and Denmark which provides only for a rest period of four weeks after the birth of the child.

Curiously enough, France, the most troubled about her birth rate, has been the most reactionary concerning this kind of legislation and even at present does not make this rest period compulsory. In 1909 an Act was passed which provided that a woman might suspend work for eight weeks at the time of

her confinement and that this suspension of work must not be regarded by her employer as an excuse for breaking his contract with her. In other words, she has right, if she can afford the time, to a period of eight weeks of rest at the period of her confinement, with the assurance that her employer must take her back again at the expiration of that time.

Both Austria and Belgium had protected their working women before the date of the Conference and since then one great country after another has fallen into line. More remote countries—Bosnia and Herzegovina, Roumania and the Argentine Republic—also all have legislated to this effect. As one would expect, so has New Zealand.

## KEEPING MOTHER AND CHILD TOGETHER

The late Dr. Budin, after all his studies of infant mortality, came back to the one idea that if babies were to be saved, the mothers must nurse them, and emphasized the great crime the industries were committing in separating mother and child. He expresses himself as follows:

*"Such a social situation which does not permit the mother to nurse her baby is bad; it is bad from the moral point of view; it is bad from the point of view of the best interests of the country. . . . It is especially the factory workers who cannot nurse their children."*

The question of what becomes of a baby when the mother is away at work is one of the most important of all the questions in this sad category which has to do with the reasons why babies die. The crèche and day nursery came to life because of bitter necessity—a necessity as real and poignant as the need for hospitals or orphan asylums. They were founded to counteract the effects of gross neglect and ignorance and even abuse of the most helpless part of the community.

The State industries of France in respect to the care of the children have set an example which other industries might follow. Day nurseries have been provided for the reception of the babies of employees, who are permitted to leave their work at certain intervals to nurse their children.

Some of the private industries of France have followed the lead of the State in certain instances.

Here, for instance, is the poster placarded in the workshops of Blin & Blin in Elbeuf, who have nearly six thousand women in their employ:

*"Since we are desirous of encouraging breast feeding and since according to the best medical advice it is the most advantageous means of combating infant mortality, Messrs. Blin & Blin beg the women of their establishment to put their new-born children in the municipal day nursery which is close to the factory."*

*"All facilities will be accorded to all mothers to go out at whatever hour is especially best for them to give the breast to their children."*

*"A prize of 100 francs consisting of a book in the Savings Bank taken out in the name of the child will be distributed by Messrs. Blin & Blin to every mother who shall have nursed her own baby herself."*

*"Messrs. Blin & Blin hope that their employees will appreciate the moral and material advantages which will result from such an organization."*

*"ELBEUF, Apr. 12, 1904."*

Besides this a poster setting forth the advantages of maternal feeding is placed in all the work-rooms to encourage the women to nurse their babies.

Dr. Budin comments on this:

*"Certainly all the world will not imitate the generous gift of these manufacturers, but would it not be possible for all their colleagues to simply permit mothers to nurse their babies?"*

Some countries have realized how necessary this permission is. Italy, for instance, has a

*(Continued on page 49)*

# The SPOT LIGHT



CONGRESSMAN THOMAS W. HARDWICK

*He is popular in the Tenth Georgia district because he contends—whenever he is up for election—that the Fourteenth amendment should be repealed.*

**Thomas W. Hardwick.** Casting an eye over the floor, with its assortment of statesmen of all sizes, shapes and outward appearances, the casual visitor to the gallery of the House of Representatives will turn to a guide and ask:

"And who is that real small man, with the wide-awake air, who sits next to the center aisle?" The guide doesn't even have to look. His answer will be something like this:

"That is the Honorable Thomas W. Hardwick, of Georgia, chairman of the special House committee appointed to investigate the Sugar Trust; chairman of the committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures; member of the Rules Committee, and ardent champion of the Hardwick plan to repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution."

Whereupon the visitor doubtless will observe that the diminutive Georgian appears to be a fighter, which is a fine guess.

Proceeding in as calm and orderly a manner as his nervous energy would permit, Mr. Hardwick, as chairman of the sugar investigating committee, informed Joseph Smith, president of the Mormon Church, that the committee would like to hear the prophet's testimony concerning the Utah and Idaho beet-sugar industry. The head of the Mormon Church telegraphed to Hardwick that he couldn't come to Washington. It was impossible, he said, for him to leave church duties, and, furthermore, he had sciatic rheumatism.

The message that went back to President Smith, at Salt Lake City, read like this:

"Committee wants your testimony. The only question now is: Will you come voluntarily or shall we send an officer for you?"

In a few days Joseph Smith walked into the committee room and his testimony con-

cerned sugar rather than rheumatism and church affairs.

The incident is an illustration of the chief Hardwick characteristic—aggressiveness. Down in Georgia the disfranchisement of the illiterate colored voter is a popular pastime, but it has to be done by state laws and something like the "grandfather clause." Mr. Hardwick would repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments and make the disfranchisement universal. Near the beginning of each session Hardwick solemnly introduces the customary resolution declaring that said amendments shall be declared null and void. Then the Hardwick resolution goes to sleep in a pigeon-hole.

Hardwick's constituency believes in Hardwick and disfranchisement as evidenced by the fact that he is serving his fifth term in the House.

**Miss Matilda Moisant.** If flying is in the blood, then certainly it is strong in the Moisant family. John Moisant, one of the first of the great aviators, was killed at New Orleans after achieving triumph after triumph

in the conquest of the air; and now Matilda Moisant, the twenty-four-year-old sister, has received her license and is declared qualified to handle an aeroplane as a professional.

And despite the tragic fate of her brother, Miss Moisant boldly declares that aviation is not dangerous. She sees John Moisant as but one of the necessary victims marking the progress of every new science, and while she admits that his death was the result of one of those accidents which may come to any flier, she expresses no fear as to her own safety.

"Flying over an open and level field in a good machine and with a clear head and a steady hand is not nearly so dangerous as rushing along an uncertain country road in a high-power automobile," according to her way of looking at it.

Just to prove her contention Miss Moisant takes a daily spin in her monoplane at Mineola, Long Island. Her teachers declare she has a natural knack for flying, and that her methods are remarkably similar to those of her brother.

Miss Moisant was the second woman to receive a license from the Aero Club of America, Miss Harriet Quimby, a fellow-student, having been the first to complete the test required before a license is issued. To win the official right to fly, the man or woman, in the presence of Aero club officials, must put a monoplane, biplane or some other variety of heavier-than-air craft through a series of evolutions, including five complete figure eights, and land time and again at certain specified points.



MISS MATILDA MOISANT

*Her brother was killed in an aeroplane, but she is not afraid to fly. She is a licensed aviator.*

Original from

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# Madonna

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

*Illustrated by ALBERT MATEKE*

H  
E supposed he was a foolish old sentimentalist for being over-sad just then, but he knew that wasn't the real reason his daughter's appetite was likewise affected. As he had observed Donna silently refuse all the specially prepared dishes Barker had been automatically placing before them, a dull resentment had gradually grown against the calm of the white cloth and the perked attitude of the table fittings. Several times he had caught himself glancing guiltily at Barker—Barker the rotund, Barker the indispensable—to detect on his flabby face some visible sign of disappointment at their perfunctory marring of the pates and the sauces; but, surprising enough, nothing of the sort had happened. Perhaps Barker understood, too, for Barker understood everything. True, an occasional sigh had escaped the podgy lips on this momentous occasion, but Barker always had sighed since "the late Mrs. B." died, leaving him to continue alone in the old home. Still, he wished Barker or Donna would speak—there were enough sighs in his own heart at what was about to happen. Yet, until the ices, swimming helplessly in ponds of their own making, and the coffee, brooding in amber, had been cleared, no word was uttered.

"It's been a bad day," Barker finally began in his uncertain voice as he carefully hunted some invisible crumbs. "Papers say it will be clear to-morrow. Hope so. Church bells sound so much sweeter across the snow after a storm when the air is clear and the sunlight floods everything." Noting the apparent sadness on Donna's face, Barker paused, however, only to gain more tenderness. "Don't both of you take it so hard. Before we were married, 'the late Mrs. B.' remarked there is sunshine hidden in most dark clouds. I suppose it would have broken 'the late Mrs. B.'s heart,' too, to have seen you leave us, Miss Donna. As you know, we never had any children of our own to speak of; our boy didn't turn out as we'd hoped. You were all we had."

As Barker spoke, Donna's face brightened. It was a beautiful face—fragile, delicate, suggestive of surface timidities; yet it had strength, a shy strength which once called forth would remain unshakable; the strength which failed crises but lay sheathed in the daily passings. And her hair was so wonderful; there was none like its gentle gold. He loved it when it was braided—as it was tonight at his urging—braided and hanging on either side of her well-shaped head. It brought out so sharply the inherent softness of her features, the thin sensitive nostrils, the nervous lips and the falling curve of her high cheeks. But best of all it darkened the tint of her eyes—those eyes that searched for the mystery back of all things, and buried it in their dark depths. And as Barker had touched lightly on the past, her features lost their pensiveness and she seemed to grow younger, to become the little girl again, the little girl of dolls and toy baby carriages, of soiled hands and torn pinnafores.

"Yes, dear old nursie, how good she was to me, and I was so cross when I was young." He loved her voice, too, with its purr and languor. In fact, she was quite perfect in his eyes. He admitted she had faults but he had never tried to discover them.

"Yes, the 'late Mrs. B.' often remarked it." Barker reluctantly ceased the futile crumb hunt. "But she loved you as we all did—just for crying day and night. Sort of natu-

ral—especially in the night. A little way babies have. Some of the grown-ups have it, too; haven't they, Mr. Lee?"

He suspected Barker meant something personal, so he coughed evasively; he must reprimand him—afterward.

"Take some logs up into the room, Barker. I must have caught cold sitting here."

"Yes, sir, we've both caught cold," he answered, sniffing appropriately. But as Barker turned to go, he hesitated and then went close to Donna. He appeared a trifle redder than usual; his small bead-eyes were narrowed and his mouth twitched with unwanted nervousness. "I have a little wedding present for you," he managed to blurt out.

He saw her start impulsively toward Barker. "Oh, no, Barker you can't—"

"Can't afford it, Miss Donna?" Barker grunted significantly. "I'd like to know what I've been butler all these years with your father for."

"I didn't mean that, Barker." Donna was answering with a sly smile. "Only Gilbert and I have so many presents from father's friends, I don't know how we're going to live up to them."

After hushing her and floundering about for some time in his capacious pockets, he finally pulled out a green jewelry box and opening it slowly, he placed it with an awed gesture on the table. It proved to be a necklace of delicate tracery with hidden gems peeking mischievously from its coils; it sparkled against the white cloth and danced in the light. Neither one of them found words, though Barker was still maunding on.

"It's not much. I hope you'll wear it to-morrow at the altar. It really isn't from me, I've just been keeping it all these years for you. Had it fixed up a bit. It's from 'the late Mrs. B.'"

Donna said nothing as she turned it over in her hand and tenderly kissed it. When she raised her eyes he saw tears there—or were they in his own? "Barker, I should like to have you fasten it on now." She lowered her head. He fumbled it quite a while before it caught.

"My fingers are sort of mixed to-night." He sniffed in that outrageous way he had. "Guess I'd better get that fire fixed up-stairs. We're all catching cold." And Barker went out more quickly than usual.

She had stood for some time with her eyes downcast and her fingers nervously touching the necklace, before he put his arm about her. Then they left the dining room without a word and went slowly up the long dark steps into the room above.

Her father never could enter this room without pausing reverently on the threshold and scanning all the old familiar things which told in turn the pages of his life. It was a large room, quite large, full of corners and all in brown. The furniture, resting on dull olive carpet, was old in the style of twenty or so years ago. He thought it was beginning to look a bit shabby, but he had grown too fond of it to change; besides he disliked new things.

The armchair, large and inviting, for instance, was always before the fireplace. How often he had planned his lighthouses and his bridges in that chair; in the earlier days he used to call it "His Throne." And the rows and rows of books which never changed their attitude! They were the books he had used in college, in the world; books on his specialty. Perhaps some of those he had himself written were there also, jealously hiding from the others their technical knowledge. There was scarcely anything on the walls save one picture. He knew it was his

reason for the room almost, and once again his eyes minutely examined it—that *Madonna and Her Child*.

Donna led him toward the fire, which was burning faintly and she tucked herself beside him on the arm of the big chair. Looking through the double window, above the little balcony laced by the dead vines of the summer, he could see the snow flurrying from the roof in the wake of the star-chased storm. Great clouds were stretching out of the darkness in the white of the timid moon. He might have remained there in silence till the pink hours of dawn—he always was silent in that room—but as Donna leaned her feverish cheeks against his, he felt the hot tears falling from her eyes. He could hear her heart thumping, too; it was such a frail little heart to beat so fast.

"Oh, Daddy, I can't leave you; I can't go away alone with Gilbert to-morrow; I don't want to be married!" Though he was not surprised at her words, he could only murmur her name as she continued. "I can't bear leaving home; it's just as though I were losing everything I held dearest, everything and you, Daddy." He wished her quick hug would hurt him; he would have liked the pain.

"I know—I know. I don't want you to go either; I don't, I don't my little girl." He tried hard to control himself, but the words cut through, the way words have at times escaping at the wrong moment and in the wrong phrases. The vividness of parting had suddenly sapped his control; yet he argued he had the right to weep a little; she was all he had. "I understand how your grandmother must have felt when I took your dear mother from her. I never thought I'd be feeling it myself. It's twice as hard; I have no one to hurt him; he would have liked the pain."

She slipped down on her knees before him and reached up to his shoulders. "Daddy, say I can't go—say it, do."

He sensed the fear in her voice; the fear of a sensitive, imaginative girl who had heard the confused vibrations but not the clear deep chords of womanhood. He must be very tender with her though it was so hard for a man's rough words. "But you mustn't feel this way with Gilbert, you mustn't."

"I've tried, but I can't help it. I've always loved him so, but he's going to take me away from you, and I'll be alone with him—and—oh, why is it, several times to-night I've almost wished he would not come to-morrow? Can't it go on as it always has been with us? He could see she was trembling. "Oh, I can't go. I can't, I can't!"

She broke down, sobbing hysterically. He smoothed her long hair, seeking helplessly to find words of comfort. "If your mother had only lived! You need her now, don't you, girlie?"

"Yes, yes, she'd understand."

"Maybe I do a little, too, though I'm only a man. But I haven't been father and mother to you all these long years without knowing a thing or two."

"Oh, Daddy, you've been everything a girl could want. That's partly what makes it so hard to go." She was silent a moment, then added impulsively: "Daddy, why won't you come and live with us?"

"Because it's best, girlie, best. There will be many things you and Gilbert will want to work out by yourselves, and it wouldn't do to have an old settled gray-haired like me snoozing around meddling and mixing things up. No, no, it's best young people should start alone." He put his hand under her chin and drew her face up to his. "You think it's best because you are leaving me and home that you

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ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

"Don't both of you take it so hard!"

feel this way, don't you? You're just deceiving yourself and, dear, I know the real reason this last night together; I understand everything."

Her face flushed more deeply, her eyes faltered and her head sank into her lap, as she whispered hoarsely: "Yes, I'm afraid—afraid."

He thought it would be better to let her weep a little—one's vision is always clearer after tears. He looked about the room, the moon had succeeded in stealing through the now-rimmed, glistening windows and was casting its silver softness on the picture of the *Madonna and Her Child*. All through the years She had held Her Child so tenderly; so had he, only his little girl had grown up and was leaving him.

Yet as his eyes rested there, his instinctive parental fear of exposing the child to the things he had passed through began to fade away, and in its stead there came the quiet acceptance of one who thinks. He was but doing what all parents had done—bringing up the child for another's arms. He could not rebel against the inevitable parting; it was the eternal scheme, and it was his place now to make it easier for the girl to go. But he must first lead her imagination carefully by the black pits it had dug for itself; he must point her to something beyond—something which, in her exultation to obtain, could carry her past temporary fears. But he could not speak scientifically or logically; he guessed, after all, he was only sentimental man who lived very deeply in the beauty of life. He must ramble on, trusting she would gather the flower or two she needed, when he showed them to her behind the weeds and edges.

"Little girl, I've tried to let you know life

their hearts pure. And Gilbert, too, had nobody but me to help him. Remember his father? I often wondered why he asked me to take care of his little boy after he passed by. Now I know. It was to keep him for you. I've made Gilbert see some of the world, for I wanted you both to understand life a little. Yet I've been thinking perhaps you both knew the words but haven't quite had their meaning pointed out. That's what I'm going to try to do a little later. I have a message for you both."

He looked up at the Madonna; it seemed to speak. It had done so before. He was not surprised even though he knew it was all in himself. Then he let his eyes fall on the necklace which Barker had given Donna. He fingered it for a moment. "Good old Barker! Did you ever think, Donna, that jewels grow in the earth, only some one must clear away the darkness before their beauty shines. Most rare things are like that—love's a bit like it, too—the kind that crowns the life."

He saw her eyes try to shade to his meaning, but her intuitions were stifled behind her obvious nervousness. He pushed back her hair, framing her face with his hands. "You just need somebody to catch all the unrest and touch it with a bigger meaning—to see the spirit in it. And I've been thinking the last few moments, I'll have to set you straight about it all—though it's not an easy thing for a middle-aged gentleman."

He heard an intruding tap on the door and Barker came in with a log. He let the old fellow stumble about, poking the fire into little spasmodic blazes. Barker started to get fresh candles, too, since the room was quite dark again, but, Donna, apparently needing some physical motion to dissipate her restlessness, jumped to her feet.

"Let me get the candles. We'll sit with the candle-light and the blazing logs, Daddy—

you and I—and talk. And the wind outside will tell us we are all alone."

He watched her glide out of the room. When his eyes stole back they fell upon looking in silence at the Madonna, turned and in a serious whisper: "Pardon me, sir, but don't you find something strange about the room tonight? how to me it seems more sacred-like as if some memory were softly."

So Barker noticed it, too. Yes, it, he always felt it in that room; it had been so persistent, like gentle rain on his cheek.

But he thought he heard Donna in the room, so he rose quickly. "You sure?" said Mr. Gilbert, Barker?

"Yes, sir; but he's hardly had a look here yet, sir," he answered, looking at his old gold watch.

"Nonsense, Barker. I said *she*, not *he* see him."

"Yes, sir, it will probably *last* him."

"Show him right up and go to bed and sleep if you can."

He reached out as usual to pat his arm affectionately on the old servant, who responded with a clutch at his heart—that clutch which had come more frequently through the last weeks. It was like an iron hand which was cutting nails digging into him. All things stopped, the room swam and faded alternately. He tried to fix some one staple thing upon which to anchor his eyes, but only Pain concentrated and pointed was real. He knew he was staggering and he caught Barker's hand. It was good to hold. He feared Donna might hear him, so he stifled the cry which would have unwinged the pain. However, it was all over in a moment; he found himself in the chair; he knew he was smiling, too. It lifted as suddenly as it had come, only the

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# A Girl of the Thirty Thousand

*A Chapter from the Unpublished Novel, "The Nine Tentshs"*

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Illustrations by JOHN CECIL CLAY

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**—In his new novel, "The Nine Tentshs," to appear shortly, Mr. Oppenheim has drawn a word-picture of the lives and struggles of working people in New York City. Readers of the novel will find touches of human sympathy and imaginative power that promise much for the future of this young writer. So much American fiction of this day is frivolous and false that it is a pleasure to welcome a writer who feels for the struggling men and women of the "nine tenths" something as Dickens felt for the poor of London, something as Victor Hugo felt for the poor of Paris, as Tolstoi for the poor of Russia.

This story is not pretty. It presents a picture of "the under side of things" that is far from flattering to complacent minds. But that it in any way unfairly represents the kind of justice meted out only last year to the girl shirtwaist strikers of New York City, those who were wise enough and observant enough to know what was taking place during that troubled time, I will hesitate to assert.

WO young girls were picketing before the Zandler Shirtwaist Company building on Great Jones Street. A bitter north wind was blowing the street clean as polished glass, and the dark and closing day was set off sharply by the intense lamps and shop-lights. Here and there at a window a clerk pressed his face against the cold pane and looked down into the cheerless twilight, and many toilers made the hard pavement echo with their fast steps as they hurried homeward.

A stout policeman slouched under a street lamp swinging his club with a heavily gloved hand, and in the shadows of the loft-building several evil-looking private detectives danced up and down on their toes, blew their hands,

smoked cigarettes, and kept tab of the time.

The young girls walked steadily—up fifty yards, down fifty yards, over their thin and threadbare coats, which the wind blew close about them, they wore white cloth placards inscribed:

IN THE STRIKE  
OF THE 30,000.

One of the girls was stunted, small, skeleton-faced, with large sunken eyes, and stick-like limbs. She was plainly a consumptive, coughing in the cuff of the wind. The other was older and taller, with form more rounded, healthier, her pale face full of the fascination of burning earnestness. Her blue eyes were clear, her lips set tight, and her light brown hair blew beautifully about her cheeks. They were two of the

thirty thousand in the great shirtwaist strike in New York City.

The elder, whose name was Rhona Henlitz, spoke to the other.

"You'd better get home, Fannie. I can stay here alone."

Fannie spoke with strong Russian accent.

"No, I ain't made afraid yet, Rhona, and I ain't get hungry yet."

"But your cough, Fannie?"

They turned under the lamp; the policeman rose and sank on one foot after the other; they walked quietly back. Then, as they passed the doorway of the loft-building, one of the young men stepped forward into the light. He was a square-set, heavy fellow, with long, square protruding jaw and little monkey eyes. His bearing was menacing. He stopped in front of the girls.

"Say, you," he said sharply, "you can't go by here."

Fannie gazed up at him as if she were hypnotized; but Rhona's eyes flashed.

"Why not?"

"Don't jaw me," said the man, "But—clear out!"

Rhona tried to speak naturally.

"Isn't this a public street? Haven't I a right to walk up and down with my friend?"

"You little sheeny!" growled the man savagely, and suddenly struck out a fist and hit Rhona in the chest. She lurched, doubled, and fell, saving herself with her hands. Fannie gave a thin ineffectual scream and did not move.

The two other young men in the doorway came forward, and home-goers paused, drew close, looked on curiously and silently. One nudged another.

"What's up?"

"Don't know."



The thug muttered under his breath.

"Pull her up by her hair; we'll run her in!"

But Rhona had scrambled to her feet. She was too wild to cry or speak. She glanced around for help, shunning the evil monkey eyes. Then she saw the policeman under the lamp. He was still nonchalantly swinging his club.

She gave a gasping sob, and staggered over to him. He did not move. She stood until he glanced at her. Then she caught his eyes and held them, and spoke with a strange repression, as the crowd drew about them.

"Do you think a man has any right to strike a girl?"

He did not answer; she still held his eyes.

"Do you think a man has any right to strike a girl?"

Still he said nothing, and the crowd became fascinated by the fixity of gaze of the two. Rhona's voice sharpened.

"Do you think a man has any right to strike a girl?"

The officer cleared his throat, and looked away.

"Oh," he muttered carelessly. "It's all right. You people are always kicking anyway."

Rhona's voice rose.

"I ask you to arrest him."

Several in the crowd backed this with mutterings. The policeman twirled his stick.

"Oh! all right!" He called. "Come along, Blondy."

"Blondy," the thug, came up grinning.

"Pinching me, John?" he asked.

"Sure," the policeman smiled, and then seized Blondy and Rhona each by an arm and marched them toward Broadway. A growing and much-pleased crowd followed, flinging remarks at Rhona.

"Lock-steeps for yours!" "Hello, Mamie!"

"Oh, you kid!" — and one boy darted up and snapped the placard from Rhona's waist. The crowd laughed.

They passed down Broadway a block or two and then turned west. Brilliant light from the shop-windows fell upon the moving scene—the easy-going men, the slouching shrill crowd, and the girl with her pale, set face and uncertain steps. All the world was going home to supper, and Rhona felt strangely that she was now "out of it"—torn by the roots from her warm life to go on a lonely adventure against the powers of darkness. She had lost her footing in the world and was slipping into the night. She felt singularly helpless; her very rage and rebellion made her feel frail and unequal to the task. To be struck down in the street! To be insulted by a crowd! She had hard work to hold her head erect and keep back the bitter sobs.

Up the darkened street they went; the crowd



Later Rhona found herself in a narrow cell, sitting in darkness at the edge of a cot



She tried to work diligently though she was dizzy and sick, and felt as if she were breaking to pieces

gradually falling away. And then they passed up the steps between the green lamps of a new station house and found themselves in a long room.

The warmth of the building was a fine relief; they breathed easier, loosened their coats; relaxed; and then they stepped forward. A police-sergeant sat behind a railing, writing at a low desk, a low-hanging green-shaded electric bulb above him.

Rhona felt that she had to speak quickly and get in her word before the others. She tried to be calm, but a dull sob went with the words.

"That man struck me—knocked me down—I've had him arrested."

The sergeant did not look up. He went on writing. Finally he spoke easily.

"True, officer?"

The policeman cleared his throat.

"The other way round. Sergeant. She struck the man."

Rhona breathed hard, a feeling in her breast of her breaking heart. She gasped:

"That's not true. He struck me—he struck me."

The sergeant glanced up.

"What's your name?"

Rhona could not answer for a moment. Then, faintly,

"Rhona Hemlitz."

"Age?"

"Seventeen."

"Address?"

"—Hester Street."

"Occupation?"

"Shirtwaist maker."

"Oh!" he whistled slightly. "Striker?"

"Yes."

"Picketing?"

"Yes."

"Held for Night Court trial. Lock her up, officer."

Blackness closed over the girl's brain. She thought she was going into hysterics. Her one thought was that she must get help, that she must reach some one who knew her. She burst out:

"I want to telephone."

"To whom?"

"Miss Vane."

"Of the Woman's League?"

"Yes."

The sergeant winked to the policeman.

"Oh, the matron'll see to that! Hey, officer?"

Rhona felt her arm seized, and then had a sense of being dragged, a feeling of cool, fetid air, a flood of darkness, voices, and then she knew no more. The matron who was stripping her and searching her had to get cold water and wash her face. . . .

## II

Later Rhona found herself in a narrow cell, sitting in darkness at the edge of a cot. Through the door came a torrent of high-pitched speech.

"Yer little tough, reform! reform! What yer mean by such carryings on? I know yer record—beware of God, little devil. . . ."

On and on it went, and Rhona, dazed, wondered what new terror foreboded. But then without warning the talk switched.

"Yer know who I am?"

"Who?" quavered Rhona.

"The matron."

"Yes?"

"I divorced him. I did."

"Yes."

"My husband. I'm telling yer. Are yer deaf?"

Suddenly Rhona rose and rushed to the door.

"I want to send a message."

"By and by," said the matron, and her rumbling breath came full in the girl's face. The matron was drunk.

For an hour she confided to Rhona the history of her married life, and each time that Rhona dared cry:

"I want to send a message!"

She replied: "By and by."

But after an hour was ended, she remembered.

"Message? Sure! Fifty cents!"

Rhona clutched the edge of the door.

"Telephone—I want to telephone!"

"Telephone!" shrieked the matron. "I yer think we keep a telephone for the likes ye?"

"But I haven't fifty cents—besides, a mesage doesn't cost fifty cents—"

"Are yer telling me?" the matron snorted. "Fifty cents! Come now, hurry," she whined. "Yer know as yer has it!—Oh, it's in good time you come!"

Her last words were addressed to some one behind her. The cell door was quickly opened. Rhona's arm was seized by John, the policeman, and without words, she was marched down the curb and pushed into the patrol-wagon with half-a-dozen others. The wagon clanged through the icy edge of the wind, and the women huddled together. Rhona never forgot how the miserable wagonful chattered—that noise of clicking teeth, the pulse of indrawn sighs, and the shivering of arms and chests. Closer and closer they drew, as if using each other as shields against the arctic onslaught—a couple of poor women, and four unsightly creatures of the scum of the city. One woman kept moaning jerkily:

"Wish I was dead—down in my grave—it's bitter cold—"

The horses struck sparks against the pavement, the wheels skidded, and the wagon-load went west, up the shadowy depths of a street under the elevated structure, and stopped before the police-court building. The women were hustled out and went shuddering through long corridors, until at last they were shoved into a large cell.

This cell was one of three in a row. The other two were for men. The window was high up and a narrow bench ran around the wall. Sprawled on these were from thirty to forty women; the air was nauseating. Outside the bars of the door officers lounged in the lighted hall waiting the signal to fetch their prisoners. Now and then the door opened, a policeman entered, seized a woman, and pulled her along without speaking to her. It was as if the prisoners were dumb wild beasts.

For a while Rhona sat almost doubled up, feeling that she would never get warm. Her body would be still a minute, and then a racking spasm took her and her teeth chattered. A purple-faced woman beside her leaned forward.

"Bad business on the street a night like this, ain't it? Here, I'll rub your hands."

Rhona smiled bitterly, and felt the roughened palms against her icy hands. Then she began to look around, sick with the smell of the sudden nauseous warmth. She saw the strange rouged faces, the impudent eyes, the showy head-gear, flashing out among the obscure faces of poor women, and as she looked, a drunken creature began to rave, rose, tottering, staggered to the door and beat clangingly upon it all the while shrieking:

"Buy me the dope, boys; buy me the dope!"

Others pulled her back. Women of the street sitting together chewed gum and laughed and talked shrilly, and Rhona could not understand how prisoners could be so care-free. However, she had glimpses of the law's terror. She saw a wife-beater dragged out to trial; she saw a poor staring Italian pedler waiting alien, confused, crushed; she saw a young girl a first offender, sobbing in a dark corner.

It was some time before she realized what had happened. Then as it burst upon her that she was innocent, that she had been lied against, that she was helpless, a wild wave of revolt swept her. She could have thrown bomb at that moment. She understood revolutionists.

This feeling was followed by abject fear. She was alone . . . alone . . . Why had she allowed herself to be caught in this trap? Why had she struck? Was it not foolhardy to raise a hand against such a mammoth system of iniquity? Over in Hester Street her mother was beginning possibly to be anxious. Her poor mother! toiling from dawn till midnight with the needle, with her tiny brother helping to sew on buttons, "finishing" daily a dozen

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pairs of pants, and making—*thirty cents!* Her poor father, toiling in a sweatshop! What would they say of her arrest?

Why had she struck? She had worked in Zandler's factory—bending over a power-machine, whose ten needles made four thousand four hundred stitches a minute. So fast they flew that a break in needle or thread ruined a shirtwaist; hence, never did she allow her eyes to wander, never during a day of ten to fourteen hours, while, continuously, the needles danced up and down like flashes of steel or lightning. At times it seemed as if the machine were running away from her and she had to strain her body to keep it back. And so, when she reeled home late at night, her smarting eyes saw sharp showers of needles in the air every time she winked, and her back ached intolerably.

Nor was this all. Her wages were rarely over five dollars a week, and for months, during slack season, she was out of work—came daily to the factory, and had to sit on a bench and wait, often fruitlessly. And then the subcontracting system, whereunder the boss divided the work among the lesser bosses who each ran a gang of toilers, speeding them up mercilessly, “sweating” them! And so the young girls, sixteen to twenty-five years old, were sapped of health and joy and womanhood, and the future robbed of wives and mothers.

So bad had it become that one morning Jake Hedig, her boss, a young, pale-faced, black-haired man, suddenly arose and shouted in a loud voice throughout the shop:

“I am sick of slave-driving. I resign my job.”

The boss, and some of the little bosses, set upon him, struck him, and dragged him out, but as he went he shouted lustily:

“Brothers and sisters, are you going to sit by your machines, and see a fellow-worker used this way?”

The machines stopped; the hundreds of girls and the handful of men walked out simultaneously. Thus had the strike begun. Swiftly the sedition had spread until a great night in Cooper Union, when, after speeches of peace and conciliation, one of the girls had risen, demanded and secured the floor, and moved a general strike. Her motion was unanimously carried, and when the chairman cried, in Yiddish:

“Do you mean faith? Will you take the old Jewish oath?”

Up went two thousand hands, with one great chorus:

“If I turn traitor to the cause I now pledge, may this hand wither from the arm I now raise.”

By this oath Rhona was bound. And so were thirty thousand others—Americans, Italians, Jews—and with them were some of the uptown women, some of the women of wealth, some of the big lawyers and the labor leaders and reformers.

If only the Woman's League had been notified! Surely the lawyers and the wealthy women would help her! That was a ray of hope. She cheered up wonderfully under it. She began to feel that it was somehow glorious

to thus serve the cause she was sworn to serve. She even had a dim hope—almost a fear—that her father had been sent for. She wanted to see a familiar face, even though she was sure he would upbraid her for bringing disgrace upon the family.

So passed the long hours. Prisoners came in—prisoners went out—laughter rose—cries—mutterings—then came a long silence. Women yawned. Some snuggled up on the bench, their heads in their neighbors' laps, and fell fast asleep. Rhona became woefully tired—drooped where she sat—a feeling of exhaustion dragging her down. The purple-faced woman leaned forward.

“Say, honey, put your head in my lap!”

She did so. She felt warmth, ease, a drowsy comfort. She fell fast asleep. . . .

“No! no!” she cried out, “it was he struck me!”

She had a terrible desire to sob her heart out, and a queer sensation of being tossed in mid-air. Then she gazed about in horror. She was on her feet, had evidently been dragged up, and John, the policeman, held her arm in a pinch that left its mark. Gasping, she was shoved along through the doorway and into a scene of confusion.

They stood a few minutes in the judge's end of the blue court room, which was screened off by wire netting from the audience seats. Upon a raised platform sat the magistrate at his desk, his eyes hidden by a green shade, his bald head radiant with the electric light overhead. Clerks hovered about him, and an amiable indoor policeman, standing before him, grasped with one hand a brass rail and with the other was continually handing up prisoners to be judged. All in the enclosed space stood and moved—a mass of careless men, the lawyers, hangers-on and all who fatten upon crime—careless, laughing, nudging, talking openly to the women of the street. A crass scene, a scene of bitter cynicism, of flashy froth, degrading and cheap. Not here the majesty of the law; here only a well-oiled machine grinding out injustice.

Rhona looked about eagerly, searching faces. Not one did she know. What had happened? Had the sergeant failed in his promise? Where was the strikers' lawyer, usually on hand? Were there friends waiting out in the tired audience, among the sleepy witnesses? Suddenly then she saw Blondy laughing and



Ten hours a day or worse

talking with a gaudy woman in the crowd. She trembled all at once with rage, revolt and fear. She was fearfully afraid; fearfully helpless. What could she do? What would be done with her?

The policeman pushed her forward: her own velvety could not take her, and next the indoor policeman was handing her up to the judge, and now she stood face to face with her crisis. This judge—would he understand? Could he sympathize with a young girl who was innocently accused? The magistrate was talking carelessly with his clerk, and Rhona felt in a flash that all this, which to her was terrible and world-important, to him was mere trivial routine.

She waited, her heart pounding against her ribs, her breath coming short and stifled. And then she was aware of Blondy and his friends beside her. She looked straight at the magistrate, not trusting herself to glance to either side.

The magistrate looked up, and nodded to the policeman:

“What's the charge?” His voice was a colorless monotone.

“Assault, your Honor. This girl was picketing in the strike, and this special officer told her to move on. Then she struck him.”

Rhona felt as if she could burst; she expected the magistrate to question her; but he continued to address the policeman.

“Any witnesses?”

“These other officers, your Honor.” The magistrate turned to Blondy's friends.

“Is what the policeman says true?”

“Yes,” they chorused.

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She flung herself down her whole length, and slept.

# The Speeches of Woodrow Wilson

*The Governor of New Jersey Turns a Strong Searchlight Upon Our National Problems*

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

*Illustrated with Photographs*

O

NE year ago Woodrow Wilson's chief claims to fame were the authorship of a dozen books on American history and politics and the presidency of Princeton University. Six months later he was ensconced in the Governor's chair of New Jersey after a notable contest with the machine politicians of that State. To-day he is widely acclaimed as a fresh, new force in American politics and a serious possibility as the next President of the United States. What is the explanation of this amazing phenomenon? Why should a nation which prides itself upon its conservatism turn with almost unexampled speed to a man who two years ago was, to use his own phrase, a schoolmaster? We do not make a practice of electing to high office men who are mere experts in the science of government; our history writers seldom become history makers; Woodrow Wilson has made a splendid record as Governor; he has been instrumental in changing New Jersey from one of our most backward to one of our most progressive States. Yet we do not lightly assume that a successful Governor of one of our smallest States is necessarily of national caliber.

The secret lies in his speeches, in his clear, fearless exposition of our national problems. These speeches have been delivered in all parts of the country, have dealt with all of our more important problems, have thrilled vast, quiet audiences with their earnestness, have made stimulating reading for a million thoughtful men. Governor Wilson lacks the liquid eloquence of Bryan, the rapier wit of Dolliver, the staccato forcefulness of Roosevelt, but he combines in a rare degree thoughtfulness, lucidity and power, and his speeches taken all together represent a consistent social and political philosophy.

That philosophy is grounded in the faith that the American people, once they have removed the pitfalls in the road to popular control, will be abundantly able to carry on our government to a fuller opportunity for all.

## A PROGRAM OF REGENERATION

How we shall set about this task Governor Wilson set forth perhaps most clearly in his address before the Chamber of Commerce of Denver. This speech comprises a statement of principles and a program of action:

In the first place, we mean to open up all the processes of our polities. We find that they have been too secret, too complicated, too roundabout; that they have consisted too much of private conferences and secret understandings, of the control of legislation by men who were not legislators, but stood outside and dictated, controlling oftentimes by very questionable means, which they would not have dreamed of allowing to become public. And so we have determined that the whole process must be altered—that we must take the selection of candidates for office, for example, out of the hands of small groups of men, of little coteries, out of the hands of machines working behind closed doors, and put it in the hands of the people themselves again by means of direct primaries and elections to which



"Did you ever reflect that that flag stands for the biggest 'kick' ever recorded?"

candidates of every sort and degree may have free access. We have begun to build up a new system by which to substitute public for private machinery.

We have determined, in the second place, to give society command of its own economic life again by denying to those who conduct the great modern operations of business the privacy and independence that used to belong properly enough to men who used only their own capital and their individual energy in business. We have set out to make the processes of capital as open as the processes of politics. We are now going forward upon the principle that those who make use of the great modern accumulations of wealth, gathered together by the dragnet process of the sale of stocks and bonds, shall be treated as public trustees; that they shall be made responsible for their business methods to the great communities, which are, in fact, their working partners; that the hand which makes correction shall

easily reach them and that a new principle of responsibility may be felt throughout their structure and operation.

In the third place, we have determined to safeguard our national resources at every point, realizing, as we do, that we have been too lavish of them and have used them in spendthrift fashion. We now insist that our resources do not consist merely of forests and the power of great streams and the wealth that lies hidden in the mines or merely in the productive powers of our varied soil, but include also the lives and health of our workmen, of our women and children. The rights and health and prosperity of our workingmen and workingwomen and of our children we now recognize as being our chief national resource, and we mean to safeguard that resource of all others against the selfishness of private use and profit. We shall take care of our forests and mines and water courses and soil; but, above all things else, we shall take care of our people.

## THE PURIFYING POWER OF PUBLICITY

In the fourth place, we have made up our minds to cut all privilege and patronage out of our fiscal legislation, particularly out of that part of it which affects the tariff. We have come to recognize in the tariff as it is now constructed not a system of protection, but a system of favoritism, of privilege, too often granted secretly and by subterfuge instead of openly and frankly and legitimately, and we have determined to put an end to the whole of the bad business, not by hasty and drastic changes, but by the adoption of an entirely new principle—by the reformation of the whole purpose of legislation of that kind. We mean that our tariff legislation henceforth shall have as its object not private profit, but the general public development and benefit; that we shall make our fiscal laws not like those who dole out favors, but like those who serve a nation.

At all times and places Woodrow Wilson has counselled opening our governmental processes to the light. Thus at Minneapolis

Every community is vaguely aware that the political machine upon which it looks askance has certain very definite connections with men who are engaged in business on a large scale, and the suspicion which attaches to the machine itself has begun to attach also to business enterprises just because these connections are known to exist. If these connections were open and avowed, if everybody knew just what they involved and just what use was being made of the alliance, there would be no difficulty in keeping an eye upon affairs and in controlling them by public opinion. But unfortunately the whole process of lawmaking in America is a very obscure one. There is no highway of legislation, but there are many by-ways.

At another time he paid this humorous tribute to publicity:

There is one very disturbing quality in man, and I have experienced it myself.

self, and I dare say you have. When you are a long way from home and see no neighbor from near your home you give yourself an extraordinary latitude in your conduct, but if you were on the desert of Sahara and met one of your immediate neighbors coming the other way on a camel you would behave yourself until he got out of sight.

Publicity is one of the purifying elements of politics. The best thing that you can do with anything that is crooked is to lift it up where people can see that it is crooked, and then it will either straighten itself out or disappear.

### THE MACHINERY OF DEMOCRACY

It is his passion for openness and simplicity that has led him into the advocacy of commission rule for cities, a campaign for which he carried on in several New Jersey towns. The necessity for it he set forth admirably in his speech in Passaic:

I have never known a man yet to do a crooked thing who did not have a good reason to give for doing it. The trouble with men is not that they deliberately break away from the barriers of conscience and do things they know to be wrong, but they are persuaded the things they do are right. And one of the most significant circumstances is the way that the assistance of the judgment of other persons helps in determining what is right. If we had to do all our thinking out loud, much thinking would be very different from what it is. Now, under a commission form of government, your government has to do its thinking out loud. There is no way of getting under cover, no way of escaping responsibility, and all reasoning has to be reasoning that will bear examination.

In another address he pointed out the possibility of carrying the commission government idea still farther:

The point in commission government is not that it will simply give the city good and responsible and economical government. Just as soon as the commission plan is adopted and people begin to live under it and take notice what follows, they are going to extend their horizon and adopt a similar plan for governing their State.

In accordance with his unshakable faith in the people is his approval of the modern devices for popular self-government, the newer machinery of democracy. It is significant of Governor Wilson's open-mindedness that he once wrote in opposition to these measures, but when a season of practical politics convinced him of their necessity he freely ad-

### THE TEACHINGS OF A NEW JERSEY SCHOOLMASTER

*The only permanent thing we have is change.*

*Everything that has ever happened in history has happened because a large number of men kicked.*

*I do not fear revolution. I do not fear it even if it comes. I have unshaken faith in the power of America to keep its self-possession.*

*I have no objection to the size and beauty and power of the automobile. I am interested, however, in the size and conscience of the men who handle it, and what I object to is that some of these corporation men are taking joy rides in their corporations.*

*While you are walking around with your hands in your pockets, whistling, thinking the world is going on as usual, there is a little group of gentlemen in some room, somewhere, putting up a job on you.*

*If you are ever tempted to let a government reform itself, I ask you to look back in the pages of history and find me a government that reformed itself.*

*That a peasant may become a king does not render the kingdom democratic.*

*We are not going to break faith with the past or with each other, but by the elements of perseverance we are going to get what we want.*

*We did not start out to show the world how those things that the world has always been doing could be done over again upon a slightly larger scale. That does not satisfy our ambition. That is not what America is for.*

mitted his error. He said in his address before the Knife and Fork Club at Kansas City:

Among the remedies proposed in recent years have been the initiative and referendum in the field of legislation and the recall in the field of administration. These measures are supposed to be characteristic of the most radical programs, and they are supposed to be meant to change the very character of our government. They have no such purpose. Their intention is to restore, not to destroy, representative government. It must be remembered by every candid man who discusses these matters that we are contrasting the operation of the initiative and the referendum not with the representative government which we possess in theory and which we have long persuaded ourselves that we possessed in fact, but in contrast with the actual state of affairs, in contrast with legislative processes which are carried on in secret, responding to the impulse of subsidized machines and carried through by men whose unhappiness it is to realize that they are not their own masters, but puppets in a game.

The recall is a means of administrative control. If properly regulated and devised it is a means of restoring to administrative officials what the initiative and referendum restore to legislators—namely, a sense of direct responsibility to the people who choose them.

He does not believe it advisable, however, to extend the recall principle to the judiciary. To quote further from the Kansas City speech:

It is sufficient that the people should have the power to change the law when they will. It is not necessary that they should directly influence by threat of recall those who merely interpret the law already established. The importance and desirability of the recall as a means of administrative control ought not to be obscured by drawing it into this other and very different field.

In his inaugural address, Governor Wilson called attention to the widespread dissatisfaction

faction with our State Legislatures, both for what they do and for what they do not do, and advocated the direct primary as a corrective measure:

\* Obviously this is something that goes to the root of the whole matter. Back of all reform lies the method of getting it. Back of the question what you want lies the question, the fundamental question of all government, how are you going to get it? How are you going to get public servants who will obtain it for you? How are you going to get genuine representatives who will serve your real interests, and not their own or the interests of some special group or body of your fellow-citizens whose power is of the few and not of the many? These are the queries which have drawn the attention of the whole country to the subject of the direct primary, the direct choice of representatives by the people, without the intervention of the nominating machine, the nominating organization.

### THE DUTY OF THE LAWYER

But these devices are of little value unless we have the cooperation of honest men in making them effective. Governor Wilson thinks the lawyers particularly have an important work to perform in our regeneration just as it is "the big unscrupulous lawyers who gain large fees by showing their clients how to evade rather than comply with the laws" who are such a menace to our institutions. Few of his words are more inspiring than those delivered before the Kentucky Bar Association:

If the bar associations of this country were to devote themselves, with the great knowledge and ability at their command, to the utter simplification of judicial procedure, to the abolition of technical difficulties and pitfalls, to the removal of every unnecessary form, to the absolute subordination of method to the object sought, they would do a great patriotic service which, if they will not address themselves to it, must be undertaken by laymen and novices. The actual miscarriages of justice, because of nothing more than a mere slip in a phrase or a mere error in an immaterial form, are nothing less than shocking. Their number is incalculable, but much more incalculable than their number is the damage they do to the reputation of the profession and to the majesty and integrity of the law. Any one bar association which would show the way to radical reform in

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Mrs. Wilson and the Governor at their summer home at Sea Girt

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Governor Wilson upholds at least one of the Taft policies

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## Chapter VIII

THE TARTARIN OF LONG ISLAND SOUND

A

It is the flattering American fashion socially to address every lawyer as "Judge," and everyone whose appearance suggests a connection with the other learned professions, however remote, as "Doctor" or "Professor," on Long Island Sound, everyone in any way connected with the sea, from clam-digging upward, is "Cap'n." So, when I introduce Cap'n Cyrus Haverstraw of *The Whistling Oyster*, you must salute with becoming respect, and, though indeed the captain's present command was but an antique fishing sloop of distinguished dilapidation, looking like nothing so much as a marine junk wagon,



Captain Haverstraw pulled ashore

there is many a smart captain with gold lace on his hat that would make but a poor showing in practical navigation and all the motley experience of the sea by the side of Cap'n Haverstraw, who, with the rest of the crew, as Old John had murmured in the night, pulled ashore while we were eating breakfast. This crew consisted of a bright-eyed, dark-skinned little lad, who proved to be one of the captain's numerous progeny, and a socially inclined fox terrier known as "His Nibs," who lost no time in paying his respects to Melchisedek.

The captain was a tall handsome man of a rather rakish weather-beaten countenance, marked by other wear and tear than that of the elements, a man you would have taken for sixty, had he not vaingloriously owned to eighty-three, but quite unvenerable, a type of ancient very different from Old John with his bearded prophet look; evidently an earthly old buccaneer, tough as an oak, profane as the proverbial sailor's parrot and humorously cynical with a vast unregenerate experience of the world. His racy language must needs be edited for the gentle reader, and his stories thereby lose much of their salt and savor. And the captain, as I soon realized, was one of those born story-tellers who live more by conversation than by any of their multifarious marine industries. Talk was the breath of his nostrils—talk, and rye whisky, of which he was even more redolent than of the salt seas.

# Travels with a Junk-Man in Arcadia

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Author of OCTOBER VAGABONDS, THE PAINLESS REVOLUTION, ETC.

Illustrations by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"Mornin', John," said he on landing, "honoring us again with one of your annual visits, I see."

"Aye, still got to keep a going," answered John, "and how's the sea-serpent industry?"

"Same old leaky bottom of a world," replied the captain.

"Still got your shanty over on the island?" asked John.

"Sold it only last week."

"Good money?"

"You bet. One of

those fancy gents who bought the Dobbs place said it obstructed his view of the water. If he'd seen as much of the water as I have—"

"As much what, did you say?" laughed John.

"You must still have your joke, I see," answered the captain, "and that reminds me, do you still carry that old Jamaica in your department store?"

"Laid in a supply especially for you, Cy. Thought perhaps you might possibly be thirsty."

"Not a drop of the goods on board," averred the captain, turning a wrathful eye on his offspring, who smiled rather ruefully and edged away, with a protective gesture, as though reminiscent of a sea-hoot or a rope's end. "That young cannibal there knocked over the bottle on the way across last night. But he won't do it again, I reckon—will you? Will you?" he repeated.

"No, sir," answered the boy, his dark eyes gleaming with an unexpected impish merriment, as though lickings were a form of the captain's humor, so familiar as to have lost their terror.

"Ah, he's a young rascal, that he is," said the captain. "The more I lick him the more he laughs—just like his mother. Guess he'll be running away from me one of these days. Same as her. Eh! you rascal?"

"No, sir," answered the boy, again grinning even more gleefully, as if the captain's humor was quite irresistible.

"Tell us about the deal," reminded John, who, meanwhile, had produced the old Jamaica to the captain's great satisfaction.

"Well, the fancy gent who said I spoiled



"Mornin' John"

his view seemed at first to think I'd give it to him just to oblige him, so to say. Offered me a hundred dollars. What do you make of that?" "Go way and do a lot more thinking," I said. "If you want the view you must pay me real money for it." I said—and so we



"This particular view was figured by God Almighty at not a cent less than thousand dollars."

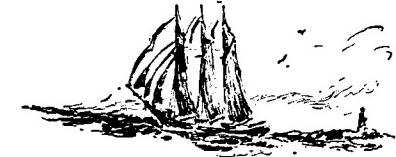
dickered and dickered. "The beauties of nature," I told him, "come high in these days and this particular view was figured by God Almighty at not a cent less than a thousand dollars."

"And you got it?" "Last week—not a penny less. He was hot you see, and I was cold. When it's that way as long as you sit tight, there's only one end to a bargain. I shouldn't have taken that, only it'll help along with this rascal's school ing."

"Going to send him to Harvard?" asked John.

"I was wondering," said the captain, helping himself to the old Jamaica.

As he lifted up the glass he paused.



The first three-masted schooner that ever sailed out of the Sound

"Did you know, John, that the whole of that old ramshackle property—there's a good hundred acres of it—was bought from the Indians by John Dobbs for a gallon of this same poison here? Yes! I know the time when a thousand dollars would have bought the whole calaboose."

"Why didn't you buy it?" asked John slyly.

"And I could have done that, too, John Couch, and you know it."

"Of course, I know it. What I was thinking is what a fool you've been with all your money."

"That's true enough, too. Did I ever tell you that I owned the first three-masted schooner that ever sailed out of the Sound?"

"No, tell us about it," said John innocently, giving me a wink on the side.

"Yes," continued the captain. "I'd been a gold-diggin' in Australia away in the forties and I came back to Boston with twenty-five thousand dollars. What did I do with it? Like a blamed idiot, I put every cent of it into that schooner. She was all ready for sea with her cargo all aboard. But just as we figured to leave port, down I went with fever and I had to put another man in charge of her." The captain paused to set his pipe going again. "Yes! he was a sea cook of the

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name of Coffin. I went to the hospital, and he took command. And off sailed my twenty-five thousand dollars—for, from that day to this, not another word, so help me, has been heard either of ship or crew."



And off sailed my twenty-five thousand dollars

"It's true, I guess, every word of it," said John seriously, turning to me.

"True! Did you ever hear me give you anything that wasn't just so?"

"Never!" assented John solemnly.

"Yes, indeed! and there's a lot more foolish things happened to me the same way. I guess you're right, John—fool and his money—that's me. But what's the odds, I've had my fun—and lots of it—and what more do you want?"

With this philosophic pronouncement the captain paused and smoked in silence for a while; but Old John seemed bent on drawing him out for my benefit.

"What did you do next?" he asked, and the captain turned to again nothing loath.

"When I came out of the hospital, I heard a lot of talk about California, and I thought might as well go and look over the mines up there. So to California I went. I struck an old deserted claim down in the southern section. It had been worked a while and then abandoned, but something I heard about made me think there might be some pickings the other fellows had forgotten.

"But, bless you, I worked there a good month without coming on as much gold as you could put into a front tooth; and I was getting a bit discouraged, and just about ready to quit, when late one afternoon my pick struck something hard and lumpy, and I said to myself, 'By—that's a nugget!'" (The captain pronounced "nugget" as here spelled.)

"But before I could make sure, I spied coming over the hill, a sort of Chinese half-cared loafer who was always snoopin' around, and had nothing again' him, 'cept that he was always around poking in his nose and



And to Boston I came safe and sound

king questions. So, I thought to myself that I'd better lie low, and I covered up the ace, and pretended to be fooling with the deck where I knew blamed well there was nothing doing. So up he comes, and asks in Chinese lingo, what luck,

"Luck!" said I, "such luck that I'm through with this — place, and to-morrow mornin' sees me pull up stakes."

"Place no good," said the Chinee, shaking his head.

"No good," said I, "quit to-morrow mornin'."

"He hung around a while, and then made off, but I thought it best to be careful, so I waited till night, and I brought a lantern with me to the pocket, and there, sure enough, was

a nugget as big as my two fists, one of the biggest nuggets you ever see."

"In those days miners used to wear long hair. Perhaps, young man," turning to me, "you don't know the reason. Well, the reason why was that gold attracts hair like a magnet. If you take a long hair and touch it to a nugget, if it's a real nugget it'll draw the hair, just like a magnet draws steel. That's a true thing. So I pulled out a hair or two and put it to the nugget, and it stuck that fast you could hardly pull it away. It was a nugget sure enough. You may bet it wasn't long before I had it wrapped in my blanket, and off to Frisco."

"But in them days it wasn't safe—any more than now, I reckon—to be wandering around with a nugget like that, for there was bushwhackers everywhere, and there were Englishmen, too, with sheep ranches, and they were just as bad; so I dursn't make a bee-line to Frisco, but wound round and about, taking four times as long as I needed to have done to get there. Well, to make a long story short, I made it at last, and I took my nugget to be changed. Gold was going then at a good price. I don't reckon I got the squarest of deals, but I was glad enough to sell out for forty-one thousand dollars."

"Forty-one thousand dollars!" John and I both exclaimed in admiration.

"Yes: forty-one thousand dollars. It was the biggest nugget that had been found for quite a while. It was shown in a window as a wonder, and people came around trying to find out who it was as found it, but you may bet I lay low, kept quiet in my hotel till there



I lost it all—on four kings

was a boat ready to sail to Boston—and to Boston I came back safe and sound with my forty-one thousand dollars."

The captain paused once more to allow his story to sink in, at the same time allowing a further portion to sink in, too.

"Yes, I got to Boston safe enough," he went on, "but what do you think I did with it there?" Another dramatic pause.

"I lost it all—on four kings."

This picturesque conclusion being received with appropriate exclamations, the captain continued:

"It's the truth! Four kings! And I dealt the cards, too. I had dealt myself one king, and drew three more. So it looked a sure thing. But heaven help me if the other sport didn't have four aces! So bang went my forty-one thousand dollars—on four kings! Did you ever hear the like o' that?"

After our appreciation of this yarn had run its course, Old John turned to me. "You've got the captain stumped," he said. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You're a good listener and the captain's got lots more where that came from. I've got some little business in the town here. I'll about it and leave you in the captain's hands. He's never got any work to do, 'cept talkin', eh, cap'n? What do you say to taking care of my young friend till I get back? Is it agreeable, cap'n?"

"Sure thing," answered the mariner. "so long as you leave the Jamaica to keep us company."

So presently John had harnessed William to the department store, and was off jingling on his way, while the captain and I remained



From a three years' whaling cruise

behind with his bright-eyed, dark-skinned offspring, "His Nibs," and the sea.

## Chapter IX

### MORE OF THE CAPTAIN'S YARNS

WHILE Old John was thus off on his rounds, collecting one kind of "junk," I sat on the rocks with the captain, collecting another kind, the "junk" of old stories, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. I suppose that matter-of-fact minds might have found food for skepticism in some of his yarns, and I understood that he had a reputation as a first-class liar, the length and breadth of the Sound. But, surely, the goodness of a story has nothing to do with its truth, and the sacred gift of imagination is too rare and precious to be subjected to the chilly gaze of an ungrateful criticism.

Personally, I had no mind to question the captain's veracity, but brought him the respectful attention due to an artist, for whom facts are but so much raw material, to be appropriated and manipulated according to his fancy and skill. The exact size and weight of his "nugget" were no concern of mine. All that was necessary was that it should be big enough for dramatic purposes, and, even supposing that there had been no "nugget" at all, what matter so long as the captain was able so creatively to imagine one. Nor did I dream of questioning dates and names of places and persons which, like true artist in the mysterious, he was very particular to have right, often pausing to make sure that his memory was not playing him false, that it was actually, for instance, the 12th, and not the 14th, of January, 1862, when he landed at New Bedford, from a three years' whaling cruise, to find that the Civil War had broken out, and that adventurous spirits such as his were much in demand at the front.

"So you were in the war?" said I, throwing out one of those entirely colorless ques-



Adventurous spirits such as his were much in demand at the front

tions, which are technically known as "feeders," merely the humble conjunction between the last story and the next.

"Was I?" said the captain. "Look here," and opening his shirt he pointed to no less

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than three considerable scars on different parts of his body.

"There ain't none in the back, anyway," was his significant comment, "and I got the hull three of them within a fortnight of joining the army. So you'll understand that I know more about the beginning of the war than the end of it. Most of my time was put in at Andersonville, and if you know what Andersonville meant, you may well wonder that I'm here chewing the rag with you, this blessed day. If I hadn't been as tough as hickory—well, Andersonville, as anyone'll tell you that was there was just hell upon earth. Hell upon earth—there's no other name for it."

And the captain launched forth in remarks on that famous Southern prison which, now that the grass of oblivion and the white flower of peace have so long grown over that tragic tract of history, may well go unrecorded. But, as the old man vituperated on what he called the rebels, and drew ghastly pictures of the notorious "death line" with many a touch of homely horror, it seemed as though it had all happened yesterday, instead of some fifty years ago. "Four tablespoons of oatmeal a day for food, and nothing to wear but sackings—that's the truth," he said, "and them were lucky as had that."

"But you escaped?" I commented, once more supplying the humble conjunction.

"Yes! though it meant death if you were caught. But I figured that it was better to be shot for good and all than to go on living on rats and old shoes. Shoes! Why there wasn't

a man with a pair of shoes on his feet. We'd eaten them all. It's the truth, and if a man had a pair of pants to his name he was in luck. Strips of old sackings was all that most of us had to get around in. But somehow or other I managed to steal some pants, and a rag of a shirt, and one black night I crept out and made a dash for the swamps. It was all swamps and laurel scrub down there. A sentry fired at me out of the darkness, but he missed that time—they didn't often miss—blame 'em—and I got clear.

But I hadn't got far when I heard a great hollering away behind me and the bloodhounds getting on the job. I could hear them baying and panting a little way off, but I managed to get to the swamps and hide myself up to the neck in mud, and they lost the scent and give up.

But the bloodhounds were not the worst. The swamp was full of snakes and alligators, and I could hear, yes and feel them splashing and gliding all about me all night in the pitch darkness. You may let me never expected to see daylight, and when it came, it wasn't much use for I daren't stir out of the swamp till it was dark again. So there I had to stay all day up to my neck in the mud, in the heating sun, and the whole place just one mess of alligators and snakes. Well, when night came, there was just a bit of misty moonlight, enough to see by, and yet not enough to be seen. So I plucked up heart and pushed through the swamp till I scrambled out into the laurel brush on the other side. I was fairly safe then, but I hadn't gone many yards when I got one of the biggest scares of my life.

Pushing along through the laurel brush, all of a sudden I came out on a bit of a clearing, with a big tree in the center. But there was something standing in the middle of the tree, white and dimlike. It was too dark to figure exactly what it was, but it seemed to be about twelve feet high, very white and still. Now I'm not afraid of most things, but



I got the hull three of them within a fortnight of joining the army

that gave me a real old-fashioned scare. I can tell you. I don't know as I believe in ghosts, but there was a ghost, sure enough. I couldn't see what else it could be. But, after a while, I braced up and crept a bit nearer and a bit nearer. My heart was in my mouth, I'll allow. A bit nearer still, and a bit nearer, and there—what do you think it was? The skeleton of one of our poor boys that had been strung up there by the rebels dangling and rattling in the moonlight. I tell you it was a mighty lonesome sight, and it gives me the creeps still to think of it.

"Br-r-r!" added the captain, fortifying himself with a dram of the Jamaica, "it was the most lonesome thing I ever see."

"And I guess fear isn't much in your line, cap," I said, with a complimentary smile.

"Well, I won't go to brag," answered the captain modestly, "every man has something he's afraid of—the bravest of us. The first time you go into action—storming a hill like this here, for example, with the big guns pointing at you and blazing away, and the rifles popping all around you, and the bullets singing by your ears like Jersey mosquitoes—the man who says he's not afraid is a liar. You can take it from me, and I've been there. But after a time or two, you get used to it, like everything else. It's wonderful what a man can get used to. It certainly is."

"But, talking of fear," continued the captain, after a short pause, "I'll tell you a funny thing. It's something that'll make you laugh at me, I guess, and I can't help laughing myself as I think of it—but it's true as I'm here, till this day. Now, I've been in pretty well every port on the map, and that means some tough places, you won't need telling. Yes! Europe, Australia, Africa, India, South America—there isn't a port in the seven seas I haven't poked my nose into at one time or another—and there's only one I've ever been afraid of."

The captain made the necessary dramatic pause, for my curiosity to fill in.

"Yes! and I'd lay a thousand dollars that if I gave you a thousand guesses, you'd never hit the name of that port." The captain paused again, and then lowering his voice, as if he was still almost afraid to take the dangerous name on his lips, continued:

"The name of that port is—New Haven!"

"New Haven!" I naturally exclaimed, "New Haven! for Heaven's sake! You're joking, of course!"

"Not on your life, I'm serious. I haven't set my foot in New Haven for sixty odd years—and you don't get me there, if I know it."

And then the captain explained the reason why innocent-sounding New Haven, scholastic and demure, should be a name of terror for a swash-buckling old sea dog who had roared in every sailor's hell on the edge of the waters. This time it was a love story. The captain's first love affair. She had been a New Haven girl—and she had six big brothers. Perfect giants, the captain said. There, practically, is the story. Enough said. So, for all these sixty odd years the captain had been haunted with the vision of six big brothers "laying" for him on the pier, watching the incoming vessels with determined faces. Even in Boston and New York he scarcely felt himself safe, and would ship out again from these ports as fast as possible.

"Would you go there now?" I asked shyly.

"New Haven? Not me," the captain answered earnestly, genuine fear in his voice.

It was all sixty years ago, and yet the captain was quite seriously afraid of New Haven.

## Chapter X

### LUNCH ABOARD *The Whistling Oyster*

As Old John had not returned by noon, the captain invited me to lunch aboard *The Whistling Oyster*, where we made an excellent meal of "winkle" chowder, of the captain's own preparation. The winkle is the exceedingly solid and perdurable inhabitant of these large spiral shells, delicate as a Greek vase, which "litter the margins of the sphere." That nature should have provided so exquisite a tenement, of shape so fairylike, for so丑陋 and lumpish a creature is one of her innumerable ironies, and anyone who has ever used the winkle for bait will wonder, too, remembering the obstinate resistance of its opaque and horny substance to the hook, however uncompromising could ever be made to come to terms with a human stomach.

To such a one "winkle" chowder will sound something like rhinoceros' ragout. The ea-



Go on living on rats and old shoes



Made a dash for the swamps

tain, however, seemed to possess the culinary secret of softening its disposition beyond recognition, and I assure you that it was a most savory mess into which the captain, his dark-skinned young companion and I plunged our spoons on board *The Whistling Oyster*; and as the water lapped peacefully about that distinguished vessel and my eyes took in the various sea furniture and the general economy of the little craft, I confess to feeling great envy for the captain's gipsy way of life.

He on sea, and Old John on land, seemed to have solved the problem of human existence, so artificially complicated in cities, by a reduction of it to its simplest elements—finding their sustenance and satisfaction where they lie ready to every man's hand, free gift of earth and sea and sky. They had at the cost of little exertion, all that a man needs for his physical well-being, and they enjoyed that spacious leisure in the company and contemplation of the noble energies of the universe, those spectacles of its power and

(Continued on page 39)



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# The Admirable Admirals

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Author of *ON THE EBB TIDE*, *GLOOMY ON THE GRIDIRON*, Etc.

*Illustrations by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK*

W  
E were running out with the afternoon tide, bound for the Georges banks. Behind the schooner, the sun was going down in a bloody murk from the streaming stacks of Boston, that maw whose hunger for the cod will never appeased. Boston Light lay on our port beam when Captain Hands drew my attention another schooner, beating up to pass us astern.

"Make out the 'Ol' Man,' sittin' there on the traf'l?"

The "Ol' Man" appeared to me, at that instance, to be rather a young man, but I added.

"Curious," he soliloquized.

This is the story of the young "old man," nearly as I can remember Captain Hands' count of that afternoon:

To begin with, there was the two admirals, we used to call 'em in the old days. Cap'n Todd was short an' kind of fat, with a big astlin' crop of whiskers an' two blue eyes spinn' out of 'em like he loved the world an' could do anything he could for it, s'long's he got a pocket-knife or somethin' to boot. I don't know exactly why us Americans looked to him—of course there ain't no real admiral in a fishin' fleet—but I s'pose it was because he had a big vessel and 'ad been at it longer than most. Anyway, him an' Cap'n Silvado took it on 'emselves to be fathers an' be like to the rest of us, an' so they was. Cap'n Silvado was a Portuguese, an' of course had the say in that end of the fleet. He was about as different from Cap'n Todd as an arter from the moon—tall an' thin an' dark, with a tremendous black mustache an' romantic eyes.

Of course the Yanks an' the Portuguese didn't always slide on together any too smooth, but these two was friends. Not that they couldn't shave each other's prices, now and then, or crowd each other out of a dock berth, but they always done it kindly an' no ill nod between 'em. They was forever settlin' their friendly differences up at Mahoney's place, over a glass of somethin', an' they ever got 'em settled until closin' up time, when they would help each other back to their selves—it was always a standin' wonder them of 'em ever stepped off the dock in the dark an' floated away. As I say, they was friends, an' they did get along together nimbly.

Well, I s'pose they might've been friends this day if it hadn't been that Effie Bloom took the stenography job at the Fish Commission—that first buildin' on Fish Wharf, you know. Effie Bloom wasn't much for size—about five foot three I s'pose—but she was a powerful person in other ways. Its a matter of record she had five proposals handed to her, her first week, but my stars, you might well've tried to catch a whale with a cod hook. All of 'em was from riff-raff, like are hands an' sloop vapins' an' such. Not that she appeared to care about that—their proposals never even reached her—seems like it was water slidin' off a gull's wing. She was always kind an' interested, but she didn't seem to understand what they was at.

But you can just lay your hat this riff-raff don't hang around long after the two admirals turned up—not by a long-full. It happened they come into port together, fifth day Effie Bloom was there. Now you know the



"Let me make you acquainted with my new hand, Georgie Bloom," says Cap'n Todd

first thing a fishin' skipper does when he gets to Fish Wharf is to jump onto the dock an' scuttle up the Fish Commission stairs, everything drawin'.

Well, Cap'n Todd seen her first, which was unfortunate. I say it was unfortunate, because us Yanks naturally favored Cap'n Todd, an' this sudden, unexpected kind of a flop took him all aback, leavin' him layin' there with all his cloth flappin', an' him wishin' he had his good clo'ees on an' his whiskers trimmed. But Cap'n Silvado wasn't so easy drawd in. He seen the condition Cap'n Todd was in right off, so he took an observation or so, an' then he backed out an' disappeared up Atlantic Avenue an' didn't show up again for more'n half an hour.

You should've heard the talk that went around that wharf when he did show up. If Cap'n Silvado'd been born an' raised a millionaire, he couldn't've looked any stylisher'n he did—new brown suit, yellow shoes, striped

vest, purple tie—how he ever got it together in that time I never could figure out. Up the stairs he sails, an' there was Cap'n Todd still wanderin' around an' tryin' to hide his hands. Cap'n Silvado nodded to him far away like, as if he was an old friend that'd fallen by the wayside in some disgraceful way, an' then he pranced over an' set down to dictate a whoppin' long letter to somebody he might've known if there had ever been such a person in the world, not forgettin' to use them romantic eyes of his.

Well, the war was on. Before two days was gone by, there wasn't a soul on that part of the water-front didn't know all about it an' take sides one way or the other. I'll confess I risked a piece of money on Cap'n Todd myself, more from patriotism than any belief he'd win out. You see, Cap'n Silvado had a heap better lines for that sort of cruisin'. None of us thought it would be a matter of more'n two or three days with the admirals on



Altogether it was a happy and companionable time

the job, but it turned out we didn't know the waters they was sailin' in. When I said there wasn't a soul that didn't know what was goin' on I made a mistake. There was one. That one was Miss Effie Bloom—seemed to pass clean over her fluffy head without stirrin' the air.

The next month was the funniest time you ever seen. I believe the admirals made three trips that month—they stuck together, by the way, so's neither 'em could give the other the slip an' get away for port alone—an' every time they hit the wharf, each of 'em laid a course for the uptown shops before ever they showed up at the commission. Talkin' of clo'es. If fishermen was as quick to follow fashions as shore people are, the end of that month would've seen every hand in the fleet runnin' around in checkered pants and pink vests an' nothin' in the pockets of either of 'em. Cap'n Silvado didn't look so bad—but quite a han'some figger, if I do say it—but Cap'n Todd—Oh, Lord!

The funny part of it was, it didn't seem to be gettin' 'em anywhere. Cap'n Silvado could roll his eyes an' look sick an' all that, but the girl only said it was too bad and why didn't he see a doctor. Cap'n Todd could wait until she looked out of the window an' then balance a four-horse load on one shoulder while he lit his pipe, toss the load into a cart, look up accidental an' catch her eye an' blush in his whiskers. Then she would tell somebody inside that she wished she had a father as strong as Cap'n Todd, an' whoever she told it to would strangle.

As I said, they didn't seem to be gettin' anywhere, but their time in port wasn't so long they could afford to be standin' still. As it was, their crews was raisin' heck because they took so long to land their fish an' take ice, bein' somewhat interested in their share money which didn't come in while they was settin' on Fish Wharf.

Finally Cap'n Todd took the wind out of the other's sails an' broke the ice at the same time by askin' Effie to go to the show with him. Effie says she would be tickled to death. When that news got around, odds on Cap'n Todd climb right up to the trucks, an' though Cap'n Silvado tried to get to windward by buyin' her a bunch of sweet peas to wear on the spree, us Yanks was all ready for the rice an' b'ls.

Effie appeared to be havin' the time of her life, an' Cap'n Todd was certainly havin' the time of his, that is up till the latter part of the evenin', when Effie comes across a young man she knew and fell on his neck right in front of the bearded lady. Cap'n Todd gathered the young man'd been away somewhere an' had come back unexpected. Cap'n Todd was no pirate, generally speakin', but if a plank'd been handy right then, that young fellow'd probably given an exhibition of high divin' on the spot. Just before Cap'n Todd was ready to die of apoplexy, he found out the fellow was only Effie's cousin.

"You're not lookin' for a berth?" says Cap'n Todd, all lit up with a sudden inspiration.

"That's exactly what he is looking for," puts in Effie before the other could say Boo. "Oh, Mr. Todd, I should think such a nice man as you've been to a poor motherless girl could find Georgie a position."

Cap'n Todd swelled up about three sizes too big for his salmon-colored vest an' appeared to be thinkin' it out. Bime-by he allowed he had a full crew, but if Mr. Georgie wanted to come he'd go so far's to take on an extra hand—he'd do anythin' to oblige Miss Bloom, says he. Then Georgie said he didn't mind, an' everybody was happy, 'specially Cap'n Todd.

Well, the stir that news raised around the place next mornin' hadn't been equaled since the powder barge blew up off Long Wharf.

Cap'n Silvado set in his cabin tearin' his hair while Cap'n Todd paraded up an' down with his prize, who was a good enough lookin' gal at that, only a mite peaked. The only other hair that was bein' tore around there was what Cap'n Todd's own crew was doin', specially favorin' the idea of a lubber shipmate an' a pet at that. They seen well how it would go—or how it would've gone if Cap'n Todd hadn't carried so everlastin' much as he did that mornin'. Why in thunderation can't a man sail safe when he's got a gal lead?

What happened was this. The Handy A (Cap'n Todd's vessel) was ready to get underway any minute, but Cap'n Todd just naturally couldn't bring himself to leave without gettin' a squirm out of Cap'n Silvado. He's that party kept out of sight in his cabin, what was he to do but swarm down and say good mornin', takin' Georgie with him, course. As luck would have it, Effie Bloom wasn't doin' much that mornin', so down he swarmed, too.

"Howdy," says Cap'n Todd, settin' in his bunk an' wavin' his hand to the rest of the party to do likewise, like he owned the place.

"Howdy," says Cap'n Silvado.

"Let me make you acquainted with my new hand, Georgie Bloom," says Cap'n Todd.

"Howdy," says Cap'n Silvado again.

"I wasn't specially needin' anybody, but I thought I would take him on to oblige Miss Bloom," says Cap'n Todd, to help the effect. It did help the effect considerable. Nobody else said Cap'n Silvado wasn't about as quick as the next one.

"Zat so?" says he, perkin' up an' lookin' at Georgie over. "Y' u look like pretty fine feller as wouldn't want t' put Cap'n Todd to troublin'. Mebby you come wid me—all same—I mid man by Gorza go away dis mornin'—you ha-

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"Old angels!" the two of 'em exploded together

the job an' no bother Cap'n Todd. Ain't dat Miss Blum?"

"Oh, how good of you, Mr. Silvado," says she, clappin' her hands while Cap'n Todd fell backwards an' strangled. "I'm sure it's just thing and will save nice Mr. Todd all that trouble. I'm sure Georgie would like it better, too. He's very independent."

All this time Cap'n Todd was tryin' to pull blanket out of his mouth so's he could roar, but he was so awful mixed up with it that Georgie fell in with the idea good an' hearty before he could get it loose. The Belle Silva was a pretty staunch little craft, but she had out all she could stand before they got Cap'n Todd out of her, usin' most vile language which he tried to keep in his beard so's she wouldn't hear it an' darn nigh chokin' to death doin' it. It wasn't till some while after that one of Cap'n Silvado's men understood why he was fired that mornin'.

Georgie stayed with Cap'n Silvado about

6 months. It wasn't long before he wasn't

peaked as he had been, an' he certainly did

pick up the hang of things surprisin' fast for

handicap he was workin' under. Never,

lay my hat, was a dory hand treated by

old man like what Georgie got from

Cap'n Silvado. Nothin' was too good for

him. His bunk was aft, right next the skipper's—his wheel watch didn't amount to

ticks—an' his share money was mysteriously

ger'n the others', which he didn't say

hin' about, because Cap'n Silvado told him

he wasn't the custom to gossip.

Well, you can easy believe Cap'n Todd was

tryin' on some in the meantime. Georgie

ned out to be a winnin' card all right.

Every time the Bella Silva tied up after a

trip, Effie Bloom'd sail right in an' make her

way home, treatin' Cap'n Silvado so nice he

would bust a collar regular. You can make

sure all this didn't help Cap'n Todd's feelin's a great deal, bein' he was always tied alongside closer'n a brother, an' the things he stooped to, to seduce Georgie away, you wouldn't credit. It was quite a spell before he got any action though, an' what he did get was own't to one of Cap'n Silvado's own crew, which was naturally cantankerous at havin' Georgie around livin' the easy life.

It so happened the two admirals had their ice in, one time, all ready to put to sea in the early mornin'. Well, this was where Cap'n Silvado's smartness got him into trouble, just like Cap'n Todd's had him before. Knownin' that Cap'n Todd'd have to leave in the mornin', anyway, he figgered he could give him the slip an' make the night tide about eleven, an' so beat him out for half a day on the trip. So he passed the word to stay tight an' say nothin'. One of 'em did say somethin' though, an' that to one of Cap'n Todd's hands, who naturally passed it on to the old man.

How Cap'n Todd got Georgie ashore without Cap'n Silvado's knowin', I don't see—asked him to come up an' have just one drink I s'pose. Anyway, when they got settled down in Mahoney's, it wasn't one drink they had, but two or three or a couple of dozen. Knowin' the lay of the land, Cap'n Todd was pretty fairly certain Cap'n Silvado wouldn't think of pipin' Georgie up in the middle of the night for such a matter as makin' sail, an' it turned out he was right.

Georgie was naturally an affectionate little cuss, an' when he got a few of 'em under his belt he was absolutely lovin'. Cap'n Todd found out he'd always been Georgie's ideal, an' best friend, an' elder brother an' all that, an' so when they got back to the wharf somewhere around midnight an' found an empty berth in 'ead of the Bella Silva, it wasn't very hard to convince Georgie he'd been mistreated

scand'lous. Likewise, it happened queer enough that Cap'n Todd was short a man, an' if Georgie wouldn't come somebody else would have to be hunted up. How much truth there was in that, I can't say. I only know there was a good deal of a fuss kicked up by one of the Handy Ann men next mornin' over bein' fired without any special reason. But they do say that when Cap'n Silvado looked over his crew at sea the next day, the language he used rotted the mains'l off the boom.

So Cap'n Todd was in right for a spell, an' we had the laugh on Cap'n Silvado. If Georgie was pampered aboard of the Bella Silva, I don't know what you'd call the treatment he got in the Handy Ann. No amount of money would've lured me into signin' with a vessel that was run like that one was for the next few weeks. We all had to admit though that Georgie pulled out of it astonishin' well—I don't know's I ever seen a fellow get onto the hang of the trade as quick as he did, an' with all that agin' him too.

Things happened fast though, when they did happen in that goin' on. So we wasn't took aback much when Georgie turned up with the Bella Silva one trip, signed on as mate. I tell you it was disgustin'. To think of them two skippers we'd always kind of looked up to, carryin' on like two crazy idiots over a fluffy-headed thing that didn't stand no higher'n a wheel post, so to speak. You'd've thought it was about somethin' was beginnin' to get decided, too. Not by a jugful, I've never been able to figger out whether that girl was too innocent to live in this world or whether she'd set out to lead them old codgers a race till they was black in the face—either way it was come to the same thing.

Well, when they got Georgie a vessel of his own, we was all ready to lay down an' die. I

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# The Reciprocity Illusion

BY AMOS PINCHOT

T

HE only tariff measure introduced at the last session of Congress which President Taft did not veto is the so-called Reciprocity bill, which was passed by the Senate on July 22d and signed by the President a few days later.

President Taft is explaining why he was unwilling to sign other tariff-reducing bills until the Tariff Board has given him the benefit of its researches. Let us therefore examine the one tariff-reducing bill which the President was willing to sign without waiting for the Tariff Board's report.

In view of the fact that during the months of June and July almost every newspaper in the United States made daily head references to "Reciprocity," it is extraordinary that not one person out of a thousand has the slightest idea of what the "Reciprocity" bill contained.

On July 23, the day after the "Reciprocity" bill was passed, Mr. Taft sent to William Randolph Hearst the following telegram:

"THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE, BEVERLY, MASS.,  
July 23, 1911.

*Editor New York American, New York:*

I wish to express my high appreciation of the energetic work of the seven Hearst papers and of the members of your staff for their earnest and useful effort to spread the gospel of reciprocity, and I congratulate them on the success that has attended the "Evangel."

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Now that the excitement is over—now that the President and his followers are congratulating the country on the success that has attended the "Evangel," it is certainly time that the country should acquire some definite idea of what the "Reciprocity" bill was, why it was proposed, and why it was supported, opposed and finally passed.

## THE NECESSITIES OF THE NOMINATING MACHINE

It has long been evident to Mr. Taft's political managers that the rank and file of the Republican party is progressive, and favors the nomination of a frankly progressive candidate. It has been fully understood that Mr. Taft's political alliances have consistently been with the "stand-pat" organization. The hope of the Republican administration that Mr. Taft will be renominated is therefore not based on any illusion to the effect that he is the universal choice of the people. It is founded rather on the control exercised by the regular Republican machine over delegates to the national convention in two great sections of the country—the South and the manufacturing districts of the East and the Middle West.

The story of the capture of the Republican machine in the South by Presidential patronage is too familiar to need explanation. In the East the Republican machine is largely in the hands of the capitalistic interests and will probably support Mr. Taft's bid for a second term.

From the West and the agricultural districts of the Middle West, on the other hand, the President has little hope of obtaining any considerable number of delegates owing to the fact that, in the last gubernatorial and Congressional elections, the Republicans generally expressed their disapproval of his administration by nominating Progressives and practically destroying the old guard organizations. The President and his advisers are fully aware that Republicans of the Western

and most of the Middle Western States will show little enthusiasm toward renominating or reelecting the man who has constantly fought the Progressives through each session of Congress. As far as Mr. Taft's hopes for the Presidency in 1912 are concerned, the West and a large part of the Middle West may be relegated to the scrap-heap. They do not fit the regular Republican political machine.

It is therefore all the more important that Mr. Taft's managers should take the utmost pains to conciliate the South, East and the manufacturing district of the Middle West and make sure of the delegates from these sections.

## WHOM "RECIPROCITY" HELPS AND WHOM IT THREATENS

With the above consideration in mind, let us glance for a moment at the "Act to promote reciprocal trade relations with the Dominion of Canada, and for other purposes," generally referred to as "Reciprocity." Such an examination will reveal the following facts:

That raw materials, which the manufacturers use in producing the necessities of life, are admitted free.

That the duties on the necessities of life, in the form in which the consumer uses them, are either not reduced at all, or are subjected to a merely nominal reduction.

Thus beef on the hoof, wheat, corn and rye, which the manufacturers use in their business, come in free; while the importation of dressed beef, wheat flour, corn meal and rye flour is penalized by a heavy tariff.

Take, for example, the schedule relative to beef on the hoof and dressed beef. From the fact that, under "Reciprocity," beef on the hoof comes in free of duty, it follows that the beef packers, commonly referred to as the Beef Trust, are in a position to benefit by whatever reduction in the price of cattle on the hoof may, now or in the future, be brought about by the competition of Canadian cattle raisers with our cattle raisers. But inasmuch as the consumer does not use beef on the hoof, and inasmuch as he does use dressed beef or meat, the only possible gain by the consumer from cheaper cattle from Canada lies in the hope that the packers will give him the benefit of the saving they make by being able to buy cheaper cattle. Unfortunately, experience teaches us that such hopes are seldom realized. Free cattle from Canada for the "Beef Trust" also means that the American farmer or rancher must raise and market his cattle in competition with Canadian raised cattle—whatever that competition may be at present and whatever it may become in the future.

From the fact that the "Reciprocity" bill provides for a duty of one and one-quarter cents per pound on dressed beef, it follows that packers are protected against present or future Canadian competition—in fact much more thoroughly protected than under the Payne-Aldrich tariff—as under "Reciprocity" the duty on the raw materials which they use is abolished, while the duty against Canadian packed goods is practically unchanged. Thus "Reciprocity," instead of being a reduction in protection for the manufacturing interests, practically gives them greater protection and higher profits.

## NO HELP FOR THE CONSUMER

The consumer is denied that benefit which might now or in the future accrue to him as a result of competition between Canadian and American packers. He appears to be left exactly where he was before "success attended the Evangel."

Again, take the case of wheat and flour. From the fact that wheat comes in free it follows that the millers, commonly referred to as the "Flour Trust," benefit by whatever reduction in the price of wheat may result, or in the future, from competition between Canadian and American wheat-raisers. The consumer does not eat wheat, but he does eat flour. Therefore, if the consumer benefits all through cheaper wheat it is only indirectly, and on the doubtful theory that the "Flour Trust" will reduce the price of flour when it is able to secure its raw material cheap. The farmer who raises wheat must grow and sell his wheat in competition with the Canadian farmer, whatever that competition may be at present or in the future.

The same facts which apply to beef on the hoof and dressed beef, and wheat and flour, apply to schedule after schedule of this extraordinary bill. The manufacturer gets raw material free at the expense of the farmer, and the consumer is discriminated against with a regularity that is almost ludicrous.

Rye is free, but on rye flour there is a duty of fifty cents a barrel.

Oats free. Oat meal and rolled oats five cents per hundred pounds.

Corn free. Corn meal twelve and one-half cents per hundred pounds.

Hogs are free. Pork, ham and bacon and one-quarter cents a pound.

Sheep and lambs are free. Mutton one-half cent, one and one-quarter cents per pound.

Practically all the grains are free, and practically all products of grains in the forms used for foods, including all cereal foods, are duty-free.

It is not the purpose of this article to deny that "Reciprocity" by abolishing duties on raw materials may possibly at some future time lower the prices of the food products which the millers and packers manufacture from these materials, and thus eventually benefit the consumer by reducing in some measure the cost of living; but if the purpose of "Reciprocity" was to benefit the consumer, why did not the bill provide for reduction in the duties on the things which people eat? As a matter of fact, the President himself finally admitted that the proposed treaty with Canada would not reduce the cost of living. How does it happen that the duties are retained on things the people use, and free trade established on the things the manufacturers use? It is hardly conceivable that the pressure which placed wheat, cattle, sheep, swine, etc., on the free list, and fixed high duties on flours, meats, etc., came from the Canadian side of the border. Common sense strongly argues to the contrary.

## CAPTURING DELEGATES FOR 1912

Considering the "Reciprocity" bill purely from its political side, let us see if there is any visible connection between its schedule and the campaign of 1912.

We see that the chief potential losers through "Reciprocity" are the farmers who raise the wheat and other grains, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc. It is not difficult to locate the losers on the political map of the United States. They are found in the Insurgent States, the anti-Taft States of the West and Middle West—the hopeless States. It is evident that the chief gainers by "Reciprocity" are the manufacturers of flours and cereals, and the dressers and packers of meats. They are located for the most part in the great manufacturing States of the East and in the doubtful States of the Middle West whose electoral votes are so large and so necessary to the President's plans of the administration.

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# Self-Reliance

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

E

VERY normal person is capable of independence and self-reliance, yet comparatively few people ever develop their ability to stand alone. It is so much easier to lean, to trail, to follow somebody else, to let others do the thinking and the planning and the work.

Almost everybody you see is leaning on something or somebody. Some lean on their money, some on friends; some depend upon their clothes, their pedigree, their social standing; but how seldom we see a man who stands fair and square on his own feet; who goes through life on his own merits, and is self-reliant and resourceful.

How few people stand for anything in particular! The majority of mankind are merely many individuals in the census; they help make a little larger crowd; but how few men stand above or beyond their fellows and are self-sufficient.

In later life we never quite forgive those who have allowed us to lean upon them, for we know that it has deprived us of our birthright.

A child is not satisfied when his father shows him how to do a certain thing. But watch the exultant expression on his face when actually doing it he has conquered the thing itself.

This new sense of conquest is an added power which increases self-confidence and self-respect.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell the following story of how he was taught, when a boy, to depend on himself:

"I went to the blackboard, and went, certain, full of whimpering.

"That lesson must be learned," said my teacher, in a quiet tone, but with terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. "I want that problem; I don't want any reason why I haven't it," he would say.

"I did study two hours."

"That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

It was tough for a green boy, but it saved me. In less than a month, I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations.

One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, "No!" I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning; and, on reaching the same point again, "No!" uttered in a tone of conviction, ruined my progress.

"The next!" I sat down in red confusion. He, too, was stopped with "No!" but went on, and finished; and, as he sat down, was rewarded with "Very well."

"Why," whispered I, "I recited it just as did, and you said "No"!"

"Why didn't you say "Yes," and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says "No," your business is to say "Yes," and prove it."

One of the greatest delusions that a human being could ever have is that he is permanently benefited by continued assistance from others.

It is self-help, not pulls, self-reliance, not leaning upon others, that develops stamina and strength.

I have never known a young man in any vocation or profession to amount to much who was always waiting around for a "pull";

for somebody to help him or to give him a boost.

"He who sits on the cushion of advantage goes to sleep," said Emerson.

What is there so paralyzing to a strenuous endeavor, so fatal to self-exertion, to self-help, as to be helped, as to feel that there is no necessity for it because somebody else has done everything for us!

"One of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, a presentable pair of calves, and one hundred and fifty pounds more or less of bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help," some one has truly said.

Did you ever think how many of the people you know are just waiting for something? Many of them do not know just what; but they are waiting for something. They have an indefinite idea that something is coming to them, that there will be some fortunate conjunction of circumstances, or something will happen which will make an opening for them, or some one will help them, so that

**POWER IS THE GOAL** of every worthy ambition, and only weakness comes from imitation or dependence on others. Power is self-developed, self-generated. We cannot increase the strength of our muscles by sitting in a gymnasium and letting another exercise for us.

**Nothing else so destroys the power to stand alone as the habit of leaning upon others.** If you lean, you will never be strong or original. Stand alone or bury your ambition to be somebody in the world.

The man who tries to give his children a start in the world so that they will not have so hard a time as he had, is unknowingly bringing disaster upon them. What he calls giving them a start will probably give them a setback in the world. Young people need all the motive power they can get. They are naturally leaners, imitators, copiers, and it is easy for them to develop into echoes, imitations. They will not walk alone while you furnish crutches; they will lean upon you just as long as you will let them.

without very great education or preparation of capital, they can get a start for themselves, or get ahead.

Some are waiting for money which may come from a father's fortune, from a rich uncle, or some distant relative. Others are waiting for that mysterious something called "luck," a "pull" or a "boost" to help them.

I have never known a person who had this habit of waiting for help, or for somebody to give him a boost, waiting for somebody's money, or waiting for assistance of any kind, or for luck to come to him, that ever amounted to much.

It is the man who strips himself of every prop, who throws away his crutches, burns his bridges behind him, and depends upon himself, that wins. Self-reliance is the key which opens the door to achievement. Self-reliance is the unfold of power.

It is astonishing how many people there are in the world looking for help, for a pull, waiting for something to come to them without payment of the legitimate price.

There is nothing which will so undermine self-confidence, which is the very foundation stone of all achievement, as the habit of expecting help from others.

A man at the head of a large business recently said that he was trying to place his son in another business house, where he would get hard knocks. He did not want him to start with him because he was afraid he might lean on him or expect favors.

Boys who are pampered by their fathers, allowed to come to business at all sorts of hours, to leave when they please, and to remain away when they feel like it, rarely amount to much. It is the development of self-reliance that gives strength and confidence. Depending on oneself is what develops the power of achievement, the ability to do things.

This is why boys who never amount to much at home, when they are always helped by their fathers, often develop marvelous ability in a very short time when they are thrown upon their own resources, when they are obliged to do, or bear the disgrace of failure.

The moment you give up trying to get help from others, and become independent and self-reliant, you will start on the road to success.

Outside help may seem to you a blessing at times; but it is usually a curse because of its crippling power. People who give you money are not your best friends. Your friends are those who urge you, who force you to depend upon yourself, to help yourself.

There are plenty of people older than you are, with only one leg or one arm, who manage to earn a living, while you who are healthy and physically able to work are looking to others for assistance.

No able-bodied person can feel that he is quite a man while he is dependent. When one has a trade, a profession, or some kind of occupation which makes him absolutely independent, he feels a sense of added power, resourcefulness, completeness, which nothing else can give. Responsibility discovers ability. Many a youth discovers himself for the first time when he goes into business for himself. He might have worked for years for somebody else without ever finding himself.

It is not possible to develop one's utmost possibilities while working for somebody else. There is not the motive, the same reach of ambition or enthusiasm. No matter how conscientious to duty, there is not the same stimulus or incentive to bring out the possible man that God intended. The best in a man is his independence, his self-reliance, his originality, and these will never reach their highest expression under service to somebody else while human nature remains what it is now.

It is only when the brain is tested to its utmost, when every bit of ingenuity and sagacity the young man possesses must come to the rescue of a possible failure that he will develop his greatest strength. It takes months and years of effort to stretch small capital over a larger business without danger. It is the perpetual struggle to keep up appearances, to get and to hold customers, that will call out the reserve in a young man. It is when money is scarce and business dull, and living high, that the real man is making his greatest progress.

Where there is no struggle, there is no growth, no character.

What are the chances of the youth's developing his own innate resources who knows he has money enough to buy his "education" and need not work for it, and who pays a tutor to help him cram for examinations? What are the chances of his buckling down to hard study, working nights and parts of holidays, of seizing every spare minute for self-betterment, self-improvement, in the same way as the boy who knows he will not have a dollar which he does not earn, who knows there is no rich father or uncle backing him?

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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



A  
REVIEW  
OF  
EVENTS



THE PRESIDENT'S TARIFF VETOES

**T**HE merits or demerits of the policy that guided President Taft in vetoing the tariff bills at the close of the Congress session, will be plainer when we know how much difference the vetoes will make. The President promises a report from the tariff board on wool, at the opening of the December session. Meantime, he declines to sign a measure based on less than the best information the board can produce.

There is a very general impression in Washington that when the tariff board information is all in and a bill is based on it, the duties will be just about what they were in the measure lately vetoed. If anything, they are likely to be lower rather than higher. Tariff board reports on the cotton and steel schedules are expected to be submitted before the end of the next winter session. This is likely to be near the outside of tariff accomplishment before election, though the chemical schedule may get attention.

The expressions which greeted the vetoes throughout the country made it apparent that they were unexpected by many people. Despite the fact that the President had for weeks given unofficial assurance that he would veto the free list, wool and other bills, the country seemed to believe he was "bluffing." Therefore, when the vetoes came, the outburst of criticism was the more significant because it had not been fully discounted in advance. The commonest expression—and in many cases it came from journals and publicists that had been decidedly friendly to Mr. Taft—was that he had committed political suicide. A striking exception was the enthusiastic commendation of the ultra-Standpat newspapers and public men that a few weeks before had been most bitter in denouncing him for his Reciprocity policy.

The most unfortunate thing about the vetoes of the tariff bills lies in the fact that the vetoed measures are probably, on the whole, better and safer than those which will finally become law. Every one of them represented compromise between the extreme views; compromise which really represented the moderate protectionism of the Progressive Republicans, which is probably the view of more American people than could be mustered in support of either free trade or Chinese-wall exclusiveness. Passed and signed, these measures would have been followed by others representing a like policy, and the entire tariff would have been revised before adjournment. That revision would have been no half-baked, ill-considered makeshift. It would have represented the best possible outcome from the last four years of tariff studies that have equipped Congress to act intelligently.

There never was so much real tariff intelligence in Congress as right now. That is because Congress has been specializing on tariff. It knows. The wool, cotton and steel revisions which Mr. Taft vetoed were the most carefully prepared, thoroughly considered measures of their kind that have been passed by any Congress in a generation. The President did them grave injustice when he denounced them as makeshifts and patchworks. They represented the years of work which Doliver, Cummins, LaFollette and other Progressive Republicans have done. They were tempered and adjusted to the necessity of getting as many votes as possible; and in the end they were good, practical, possible measures of revision. They would have benefited the consumer without ruining industries. They would have announced a policy of reasonableness and fairness in tariff dealings. They would have reassured business, and put the tariff out of the way for a considerable time. As it is, we shall have a year or two more of agitation and then get just about what those bills would have given!

TWO STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES

The President's veto of the Arizona-New Mexico statehood bill because of the recall of the judiciary in Arizona's constitution, was a vigorous document that stated the case against judicial recall very well. The President and other opponents of this measure want assurance that the judiciary may be secure in doing right though the heavens fall; there must be no danger of temporary surges of public passion terrorizing judges.

This is, of course, exactly the argument which was made against electing judges, and in favor of their appointment. It is always made in favor of long terms rather than short terms for judges. Wherefore some interest attaches to recent investigation designed to show whether, in fact, the judiciary is more secure and permanent in its tenure, under the elective or under the appointive system. It is said that this inquiry, when completed, will show that a judge who is appointed has just about half the chance to be reappointed than an elective judge has of being reelected.

The appointive power is political and partisan. It has given New York "Tammany judges," Philadelphia "gang magistrates." In actual experience, it seems, the judge who is dependent on the whole people actually has twice as good a chance to make good with his bosses as has the judge who must get his reappointment from a boss.

At any rate, Arizona, according to its leaders, will still have the recall. The statehood bill, being vetoed, was amended by dropping out the recall, and then passed and was signed. The Arizona people say they will put the recall back into their fundamental law just as soon as possible after getting securely into the Union and beyond the power of Congressional interference. The net gain to the nation is two new stars in the flag. Arizona brings into the Union our most progressive State constitution. New Mexico, while she has done little to safeguard her government from corporate control, yet has a constitution that is decidedly less objectionable

than it was in its original form when it practically impossible of amendment. It is significant of the intellectual temper of President that it was to the progressive Arizona constitution, rather than to the reactionary New Mexico one, that he objected.

PROGRESS TOWARD DEMOCRACY

It is worth while to survey accomplishments in the direction of popularizing legislative procedure. A few months ago the chief supporters of the old Cannon organization declared that the House could not do business if the rules were liberalized. They insisted that there be a boss. They declared that for the House to elect its own committee meant chaos. The experience of the session has proved, not only that they were wrong, but that the House could do no business under the liberalized rules than before.

On the Senate side there has been a similar demonstration. When Aldrich was there was casting about for a new boss, didn't arise. The Senate didn't want him; the country didn't. Yet the Senate proved that it could do business. Partizanship and factionalism diminished as the grip of bosses relaxed; and in the end there was effected a combination of Democrats and liberal Progressives, which took control of the Senate.

To Tories of the ancient Bourbon school that looked like the climax of calamity, to the country, long desirous that its progressive elements might get together without reference to party, it seemed a long-sought splendid precedent.

RECORD OF THE SPECIAL SESSION

*The vetoes of the tariff measures probably rank as one of the most productive in recent years. Had they been signed, it record would have included:*

*Reciprocity.*

*Free list extension.*

*Revision of wool, cotton and steel schedules.*

*An excellent corrupt practices act.*

*Admission of Arizona and New Mexico.*

*Reapportionment of House membership.*

*Determination of a program that will prevent further looting of national water-power resources.*

*Parliamentary reform of the House, overthrow of Cannonism, and establishment of substantial popular rule.*

*Revolutionary progress toward publicity of both caucuses and committee sessions.*

*Complete breaking-down of party domination in the Senate, and formation of an alliance of progressives of both parties to rule.*

*Popular election of Senators failed, but it seems certain to pass next session, and the delay will bring compensation in the fact that it will doubtless finally pass in such form as to assure its adoption by the States.*

Beyond these achievements of liberalism and non-partisanship in the two Houses, something else no less important was done. House Democrats adopted the policy of holding their caucuses public hereafter. The tradition of secrecy about party caucuses is as old as the government. It is to end. Light will be let in on the real business will be done in view of the people.

Even more striking than this, was the performance of LaFollette and Underwood, during the conference on the wool bill. They opened the conference committee chamber to press and public, and with the world looking on, went at the business of finally fixing tariff rates in broad daylight. It had never been done before. Conferences have been sacred as the ark of the covenant. The crevices have been responsible for jobbery, errors, frauds and "snakes."

*Original from*

**UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA**

## INSIDE HISTORY OF THE PANIC

At the earliest period in the banking crisis which marked the panic of 1907, the U. S. Steel Corporation took over, from a New York brokerage house, the control of stock in the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. That corporation was the most potent and menacing competitor of the steel trust.

There has been, ever since, discussion as to whether the steel interests took over Tennessee in order to stop the panic, or started the panic in order to get Tennessee. The Standard Committee of the House of Representatives has recently secured more light on the question than has ever before been available. Mr. George W. Perkins, who was chairman of the finance committee of the Steel Corporation, told investigators that three investigations were in a bad way, and it was necessary to take over the Tennessee stock to save them. He named the Trust Company of America, the Lincoln Trust Company, and the firm of Moore & Schley, painting a gloomy picture of the ruin that impended over the entire financial fabric of New York, and that could only be averted off by relieving these concerns of their big holdings of Tennessee stock.

Whereupon Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America, went on the stand and told a story which proved absolutely that his company was not in any trouble at all; that it held only \$400,000 of Tennessee stock in a total of \$74,000,000 of assets; and that there was not, so far as it was concerned, the slightest occasion for the Tennessee to be taken in by the steel trust.

Similar testimony as to the Lincoln Trust Company is promised later. The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that the explanation about relieving the trust companies was an afterthought. The investigators promise, before reporting to go to the bottom of the whole panic story if it can be checked.

George W. Perkins was a highly interesting witness. He urged the committee that the anti-trust act ought to be repealed, and effective regulatory measures put in its place. "No big business can be conducted without the law as now construed," he declared. So strongly has this opinion impressed publicists late, that the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce has named a subcommittee headed by Senator Cummins to begin, in November, a thorough consideration of the sole economic policy of anti-trust legislation, regulation, etc. The biggest economists, industrial chieftains and publicists will be invited to present their views, and some revolutionary legislation may result.

## THE ANTI-WILEY PLOT

We have called attention from time to time to the invaluable services of Harvey Wiley as guardian of the purity of our food supply and to the persistent fight to displace him culminating in Attorney-General Wickham's recommendation that he be asked to resign because of alleged irregularities in connection with the hiring of Dr. H. H. Rusby, expert chemist. It now appears that the plotters overreached themselves in their latest attack on Dr. Wiley.

The official investigation at once developed the fact that Wiley, in appointing Rusby, acted on the opinions of Wickham and Solicitor McCabe, and on the express approval of Secretary Wilson!

It was a complete, sweeping, pathetic collapse for the conspiracy. President Taft, confronted with the necessity of either smothering his Cabinet advisers in the most public way or else slapping a unanimous public on the face, has been in a most embarrassing position. His own sympathies and actions have been uniformly with the anti-Wiley people; but before dismissing him, when everybody in the country save the plotters is shouting for him, the President has decided to sink it over. Wiley will not immediately follow Garfield, Pinchot and Glavis out of public service.

## TWO KINDS OF FLYING

The aviation meet recently held in Chicago was characterized by the number and variety of the machines participating in it, by the skill and daring of the aviators and by distressing fatality. There has been widespread criticism since the Chicago meet of contests of this kind on the score that for the sake of supplying thrills for crowds that have paid admission, unnecessary risks are taken. Too often the flimsy mechanism of the machine proves unequal to the sudden strain brought on by dips and glides and the aviator falls helplessly. There is serious talk of putting an end to what Wilbur Wright characterizes as "mere reckless sporting events."

Of equal interest and probably of much greater value to the science of aviation was the air trip of Harry Atwood from St. Louis to New York, constituting the world's record for distance. Atwood made his first day's flight from St. Louis to Chicago, nearly three hundred miles, in six hours' flying time. He then followed the New York Central Railroad and arrived in the metropolis after twelve consecutive days' flying. The distance is 1,265 miles and his actual flying time was twenty-eight and one-half hours. He used the same machine throughout and had no serious mishaps. One of the most instructive features of Atwood's remarkable flight was the variety of his landing places. He alighted at one time in a marsh, once on top of a mountain, once in a pocket one hundred and fifty feet square and finally on an island.

## THIRD PARTY TALK

Thirteen months is a long time in advance of a Presidential election, to prognosticate results. Forecasts made in August of Presidential year are reversed, as often as not by election day. Those made a year earlier have proportionately less value.

The fact remains that a curious political sentiment seems to possess the country. It wants, more than anything else, to get away and stay away from partisanship. It has lost much of its devotion to the names and traditions of parties; it would like to be done with them. Yet it sees no mechanism in sight by which to effect the escape. If there were an overpowering moral issue, such as that of 1860, on which the Tories and the progressives could fairly be forced to divide, the people would be ready to divide. They have the disposition, but not the issue. They would like to see the progressives all aligned in one camp and the reactionaries all in the other, and have a fair test of strength. But there is no way to make the division. Too many issues are involved, and none is dominating, overshadowing.

The impression is that the people are disgusted, tired, exasperated, with the bungling, the fatuity, the paucity of actual results that are obtained through loyalty to the old parties. There are millions of people who would be willing to follow a third party movement if they were convinced that it would take them anywhere. They don't want to follow it nowhere. Third party movements seem impossible save in great crises. At less pressing junctures, people prefer to maintain nominal relationship to the "old party," in the hope that they can help to improve it.

William Randolph Hearst has come out in a stinging condemnation of Taft for vetoing the tariff bills. It is notable because for a long time Hearst has been distinctly friendly to Taft. Hearst suggests, boldly and plainly, a coalition of all the progressives in a third party, in case the Republicans and Democrats both nominate reactionary candidates. Such an event is not impossible; Harmon has lately seemed to gain ground because of his hold on the politicians, and Taft has almost a strangle hold on renomination. If all that should happen, a third party emerges that could command Bryan, Hearst and Tat Lettle, even if it did not carry the country, might do what the Fremont candidate did in 1856.

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# THE MONTH ABROAD

## ENGLAND'S GIGANTIC STRIKE

The epidemic of labor troubles through which England has been passing reached its culmination in a general strike of all the organized employees of the railroads. Following the successful outcome of the seamen's and the dockers' strikes of the month before, the railway men issued a demand for the recognition of the unions and redress of grievances. The companies refused this demand, falling back upon the agreement of 1907, by which all grievances were to be submitted to conciliation boards, which boards, the men claimed, had proved dilatory and unreliable. Premier Asquith offered an inquiry by a royal commission, but the workmen denounced such commissions as even more incompetent than conciliation boards. Peace-making efforts having failed, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants sent this telegram to every union, "Your liberty is at stake. All railway employees must strike at once. Loyalty to each other is victory." Thus began one of the most far-reaching strikes in history.

It is estimated that two hundred thousand men obeyed the strike order. Passenger service was badly crippled throughout the country, and freight was almost at a standstill. There were a few outbreaks of violence, but the principal danger to the public was the failure of the food supply. Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, chiefly by virtue of the confidence which the working classes feel in him, secured an agreement to submit questions at issue to a joint committee, and at the end of the second day the strike came to an end. As the railway masters agreed to meet the union representatives the result is generally conceded to be a victory for the men.

It is difficult to withhold admiration from the men who made this impressive revolt on behalf of better conditions. A strike at its best is a harmful and a wasteful thing; we can not, however, join cause with those who condemn strikes but who remain smugly content about the conditions which give rise to them. The wage of the British workingmen is pitifully inadequate to the demands of a decent and wholesome livelihood. The rest among the working class of England is a phase of that broader movement which is threatening the political and economic power of the landed aristocracy, which is animating the government policies of old-age pensions and workingman's insurance, and which is opening England's eyes to the menace of poverty, ignorance, and unemployment.

## HOME RULE NEXT

The veto bill finally passed the House of Commons by a majority of seventeen. Its most important provisions are that money bills shall become a law without the assent of the Lords; that bills other than financial passed in three successive sessions of the Commons shall become a law without the Lords' approval; and that five years instead of seven shall be the maximum duration of the Parliament.

# WOMEN EVERYWHERE

## FOR UNIFORM DIVORCE LAWS

Representative George W. Norris, of Nebraska, has introduced into Congress a resolution directing the President to call a convention of state commissioners, to consider a project of uniform divorce laws. Mr. Norris has been moved by the publicity for uniform divorce and marriage laws that has followed the announcement of the Astor-Force marriage contract. He proposes that the Federal Government should, first, frankly acknowledge that it has no pos-

What, then, will the Commons do with their victory? They are pledged first to the passage of a bill for Home Rule for Ireland. As long as the Lords remained as obstructionists it was impossible to grant Ireland her just demands for local self-government. Now it seems possible to push a Home Rule bill through three sessions while the present coalition government remains in power.

An interesting alternative to the Irish bill is the proposal for Federal Home Rule, providing for local self-government for Scotland and Wales, as well as Ireland. Such a measure would relieve the British Parliament of much of the burdensome work of administering purely local affairs in the other countries of the British Isles which would then have self-government comparable to that of Canada. Whatever form it may take, the Irish question is sure to dominate English political history for some months to come.

## THE LOST "MONA LISA"

The world of art lovers was given a violent shock by the news that the "Mona Lisa," Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, by many accounted the greatest painting in the world, had disappeared from the walls of the Louvre. One might have supposed that the world afforded no more secure place for its art works than France's great gallery, but it now appears that a considerable degree of carelessness had crept into the management of the gallery. Whether the theft is the work of a criminal desiring blackmail, of an insane man, or of an anti-government fanatic, is not known at the time this is written.

Almost everyone is familiar with the picture which for four centuries has charmed the world with its beauty and caused men to wonder at that strange, enigmatical smile.

## THE SHRUNKEN WORLD

The expression "it's a small world" is a more profound truth than ever by reason of the latest exploit of a French correspondent, André Jagerschmidt, representing the *Excelsior*, left his office in Paris on July 17, and returned to it on August 27, having circumnavigated the globe in a trifle more than thirty-nine days. He made his final lap—from Cherbourg to Paris—in a motor car, having abandoned his aeroplane idea as too uncertain for businesslike globe trotting.

It's only a matter of some twenty-five years since Nellie Bly made a name for herself by circling the world in seventy-two days, yet this Frenchman has accomplished the feat in scarcely more than half that time, the greatest source of time-saving being, of course, the Trans-Siberian Railway. Jagerschmidt met with uniform courtesy and helpfulness, and of course a lot of curiosity.

There is a general notion that this thirty-nine days' record can not last long in these aeroplane times. Widespread sympathy is expressed for poor old Jules Verne whose wildest flight of imagination could not carry his hero around the world in fewer than eighty days.



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border departed, she went to see an old lawyer who had known her from childhood.

"I don't see how I can hang on to our home any longer," she confessed. "It does not pay to farm when I have to hire everything done. The minister advises me to sell the place and move to the city. He thinks I can find something there which will be easier than summer borders."

"Don't," counselled the lawyer. "I know a man who wants a bit of woodland. Sell him that timber lot of yours on the ridge, then build four or five little bungalows on your shore front. Make them as cozy as possible and provide them with the simplest sort of cooking apparatus. Cottagers will then be forced to come to you for baked stuff."

The woman set to work. Before May arrived six little cottages were ready for occupancy and her kitchen was fitted up for community cooking. Old lovers of Spruce Point looked back and took up their abode delightfully in the shore village. Their enthusiasm brought others there, and the demand for shelter was larger than the woman could meet. She invested in half a dozen tents and presently the rocky shore was specked with little canvas homes where people lived a simple life. A list of the food which could be sent from her kitchen was hung in each cottage, although her prices were lower than city figures they allowed her a good profit. Orders had to be given a day ahead, a plan which left her each night with all her food sold.

The Spruce Point community was started six years ago. To-day it has grown far beyond the boundaries of the old farm. Nothing that goes from the Spruce Point kitchen is her own handiwork because the orders have grown far beyond the capacity of one cook. She pays good wages to five capable women and superintends the output. Not a cooky or loaf of bread is sold till it passes her criticism. Of course it is hard work during three months of the year but during the winter she makes life easy. To-day her income not only meets the family expenses but her bank account grows steadily. She has built eighteen cottages which rent from \$75 to \$150 a season, and each spring there are a few new ones ready for occupancy. Probably the secret of this woman's success is that her plan allows the busy housewife to have a vacation without a servant, yet feeding her family well at reasonable rates. Besides, each household retains the home feeling which is lost when one enters a boarding-house.

#### WHAT ONE COUNTRY GIRL DID

In a small Massachusetts town a girl I now earns a comfortable income from gathering and selling antique furniture and bric-a-brac, which bring almost any price from people who demand such things. One morning while cleaning house all the family belongings were on the front porch when a lady drove up, asking leave to look at a table the girl was polishing. She asked to buy it. The girl did not think her mother would sell it. The woman had set her heart upon having it. She raised her offer of ten dollars and fifty. The precious old heirloom was not sold but the girl succeeded in finding another just like it and on the transaction she made a profit of fifteen dollars. That suggested the idea of opening a little shop for things she could pick up in homes where such belongings had no special value. She drove about the country where she knew everybody and took anything on commission. Frequently she made rare finds. At one squalid little house she discovered chicken feed set outdoors in a cracked Spode platter. She began to make a special study of old dishes and furniture, she read books, visited museums to see old-time treasures and presently became an authority on antiques. Her customers to-day come from distant cities, and often give a commission for special articles which net her a handsome profit. Although her business brings in a comfortable income she has built it up by perfect honesty. She paid a high value for an article when frequently it has not the guest idea that it is a

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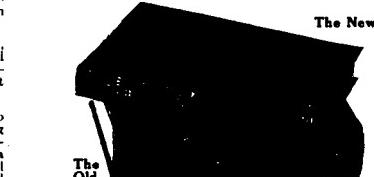
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# The Individual Investor

Conditions in the Bond Market



WITHIN the past two months the New York stock-market has witnessed a decline in prices which was as unexpected as it was severe, and remains unexplained, or at least very poorly explained, on any rational grounds. As always happens under such circumstances the question was promptly raised whether the stock-market was performing its so-called "true function" of discounting the business future, or whether the break in stocks was merely a surface agitation caused by the secret operations of those who still make the stock-market a more or less profitable pastime. It is noteworthy that the more intelligent members of the financial community were not inclined to attach much importance to the summer's price movements and this fact, as far as it goes, might reasonably be interpreted to indicate definite knowledge that the causes were to be found chiefly in the personal affairs of individuals. These undoubtedly played a large part. As far as the decline had any roots in fundamental conditions it must be attributed to the obstinate refusal of the stock-market, earlier in the season, to take into its reckoning the deterioration in the principal grain crops that the rest of the United States knew was going on.

With the troubles of the stock-market itself the large body of conservative investors is not particularly concerned. As far as their interests are concerned it is more to the point to inquire just how the decline and the causes therefor are related to the intrinsic value of solid investments and so to the general commercial outlook. Assuming as we must that the loss of a part of the bumper crops that the early prospects promised had something to do with making lower prices for stocks, the next question is: Will a year of poor business or depressed bond markets, or both, necessarily follow?

#### COMMERCE HAS PROCEEDED CAUTIOUSLY

Taking up the business outlook first, it will be conceded that the American world of commerce has not at any time in the past year or more attempted to bury its head in the sand as the New York stock-market has done. During the first half of this year it was the constant complaint of Wall Street that the rest of the country refused to follow its cheerful lead in ignoring agricultural as well as political conditions and prepare for the resumption of business on a big scale. In other years the brilliant crop prospects of spring and early summer, together with the strong condition of the banks, the generally satisfactory credit conditions and the apparently impregnable position of the stock-market would have been enough to start a boom in business the country over.

Whatever the precise reason, it did nothing of the sort this year. The movement of merchandise from the Eastern manufacturing centers to the interior has steadily kept up in fair volume, but in no line of trade are jobbers or country merchants stocked up. They have been buying almost wholly for immediate needs and are entering the fall season with comparatively empty shelves. In this important respect the situation is vastly different from what it was in 1907, when the failure of several New York banking institutions, following a prolonged and extended

decline in the market value of every class of securities, came upon a country stocked with high-priced commodities in every channel of trade, which could only be worked slowly and painfully, and many cases at sacrifice. This year the demand for credit nor is there anything like the top-heavy speculation in land that existed to complicate the situation then.

As everyone knows by this time, the crops are by no means a failure, even though they are not all that might be wished, while the cotton crop, the greatest single element in our foreign trade, is not only one of the biggest on record, but promises to command good prices in the international market. Here again the situation is radically different from that of 1893, the next previous panic year. It seems a ridiculously far cry to go back to 1893 for a comparison and the only excuse for doing so is the fact that there is always some among us to predict the worst from such a coincidence of partial crop failure, halting domestic trade and declining stock-markets as we have had this summer.

#### DECREASE IN HARVEST DISCOUNTED

Perhaps it was what happened to wheat in the Northwest in 1910 that restrained our interior merchants from counting too confidently this year on the outcome of a season that at one time promised to be far and away the best the country had ever had. At any rate the fact is that business men from Maine to California have been gradually adjusting their calculations to a reduced harvest. It is not putting it too strong to say that in this respect the worst is known and provided for.

If our present moderate volume of business is on a firm basis, the commercial leaders of the country having refused recklessly to discount a glowing crop prospect, and if our manufacturing and merchandizing population has already reconciled itself pretty well to a lesser harvest of the earth's bounty than yielded last year, is there any reason for misgiving on the part of the owner of sound investment securities, or for hesitation on the part of prospective purchasers of such goods? The former's concern is chiefly, of course, as to whether the regularity of interest payment on any reasonably good bond is threatened. He rarely attempts to catch the profit in ordinary fluctuations in seasoned investments and would be foolish to do so. The latter is naturally more concerned to know whether there is or is not a fair prospect of obtaining a chosen bond or perhaps a preferred stock at a substantially lower price by holding it from the market for a month, six months or a year.

To these questions the best answer is the fact that the bond prices of this year have not been made by the same factors as have the prices of stocks. It hardly need be said that there has been almost no attempt to "bully" the market for bonds. It is true that in one or two instances convertible bond issues have for a short time given evidences of pure speculative activity, but such slight evils as have occurred in this line have corrected themselves. On the whole the efforts of the recognized investment bankers are and for a long time have been concentrated upon the merchandizing of bonds to genuine "consumers," if the term may be so used. Indeed most of the time since the disturbances of 1907 the best of bonds have had to seek the

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See page 3

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buyer rather than the buyer to seek the bond to a very considerable degree it has been true that the buyer has made the price. This has been a world-wide condition, reflected as much in the price of British consols as in the increase that had to be made last year in the interest rate on New York City bonds. Several large issues of good bonds, notably the new Great Northern first and refunding bonds and the Oregon-Washington issue, have been sold out rapidly, not only by the original syndicates but by the secondary purchasers, but the reason has been that, considering the nature of the security, attractive prices have been made. In not a few cases well-known corporations of high credit have resorted to the use of short-term notes since last January, some of them because they were not provided with just the sort of bonds demanded by a discriminating market and some because they were unwilling to let their obligations go at the prices obtainable.

#### BONDS ARE AT THE LOWEST POINT IN A YEAR

All this goes to show that bond prices have not been under any sort of artificial stimulus. Quotations point to the same conclusion. The market level of good and medium railroad bonds, for example, reached its highest point so far in 1911 in May and has declined almost steadily since. It did not follow the stock-market when it was making its high prices in July, though it was affected to some extent by the August break in stocks. These bonds are now lower, on the average, than at any time since August, 1910, and even at that time they were only about one-half of one per cent. lower. They average something like three per cent. lower now than in the early summer of 1909.

Some specific instances are in order. New York Central 3½s, selling at about 87½, yield the purchaser an income of a trifle more than 4 per cent. When this mortgage was drawn in 1897 the bonds were designed to sell at par and it is a well-known fact that the directors of the road consider them too good to be sold by the company at anything like the current price. About \$11,000,000 are still available for issue under the terms of the mortgage, but the company used short-term notes to supply its capital needs for this year. This is an issue that the small investor seldom buys, for he rightly considers it of a lower quality, with a correspondingly lower return, than his ease demands. They are cited here to show the condition of the market, or at their high price of 1909, only two years ago, they sold on a 3.72 per cent. income basis and in 1906, before the beginning of the widespread liquidating movement that culminated in the panic of the following year, they sold on a 3½ per cent. basis, that is, par.

Lake Shore debenture 4s of 1928 are selling to yield close to 4.50 per cent. In 1909 they sold on a 4.20 per cent. and in 1906 on a 3.85 basis. Picking out a bond of lower grade, Rock Island collateral 4s are selling to yield 5.50 per cent., as against 4.85 in 1909 and 4.90 in 1906. St. Louis & San Francisco funding 4s yield 5.15 per cent. at current prices, as against 4.60 per cent. in 1909 and 4.8 per cent. in 1906.

It cannot be asserted that good bonds are distinctly on the bargain-counter, but bargain-buster bonds go only with a far-reaching disturbance of the fundamental conditions governing investment, such as can not in any view of the case be said to exist or even to be in prospect to-day. Much has been made

Wall Street this summer of the activity of the Interstate Commerce Commission in reducing freight rates on the railroads, and of the investigating committee of the Democratic House of Representatives. Railroad men very well know the inductions that have so far been made to threaten the stability of railroad common stocks and are likely to be compensated in time by a growth of traffic in the territories which risks as there are fall who are the stockholders, whose business and between adversity and the



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## Self-Reliance

How can a boy develop any self-reliance or independent manliness by having somebody else do practically everything for him? It is the exercise of a faculty that makes it strong. It is the struggle to attain that brings out the stamina.

## HOW STRUGGLE DEVELOPS CHARACTER

I do not believe it is possible for a man to put forth the same amount of exertion, to struggle with the same desperation for purpose as when he feels that all outside help has been cut off; that he must stand or fall by his own exertion; that he must make his own way in the world or bear the ignominy of failure.

There is something about the situation of being thrown absolutely upon one's own resources, with no possibility of outside help, that calls out the greatest, grandest thing in a man; that brings out the last reserve of effort, just as a mighty emergency, a great fire, or other catastrophe calls out powers which the victim never before dreamed he possessed. Power from somewhere has come to his relief. He feels himself a giant, doing things which were impossible for him just before the emergency. But now his life is in peril. The wrecked car in which he is imprisoned may take fire, or he may drown if he clings to the wrecked ship. Something must be done instantly; and, like the invalid mother who sees her child in peril, the power, the force which comes only in sheer desperation, rushes to him and he feels a strength which he never before felt aiding him to escape.

Man has always remained close to the brute here he has not had to struggle to supply his necessities. Want has ever been the great developer of the race. Necessity has been the spur which has whipped man up from the savagery to the highest civilization.

Inventors, with pinched, hungry faces of children staring them in the face, have reached into the depths of their being and laid hold of powers which wrought miracles. Oh, what has not been achieved under the pressure of want, of stern necessity! We never know what is in us until we are put to the test, until some great crisis uncovers the hidden power which lies so deep in our beings that no ordinary occasion can call it out. It responds only in emergencies, in desperation, because we do not know how to reach deep enough in the great within of ourselves to lay hold of it.

## ACCOMPLISHING THE "IMPOSSIBLE"

A boy was telling his father of seeing a woodchuck up a tree. His father told him that was impossible for woodchucks did not climb trees. The boy insisted that a dog had between the woodchuck and his hole and just had to climb the tree. There was no other way out of it.

We do "impossible" things in life simply because we have to.

Self-reliance has been the best substitute for friends, influence, capital, a pedigree, or lineage. It has mastered more obstacles, overcome more difficulties, carried through more enterprises, perfected more inventions than any other human quality.

There is something in human nature which makes the genuine, the true, the man who has an opinion of his own and dares to assert who has a creed and dares to live it, who has convictions and dares to stand by them. There is a powerful tonic in holding the conviction that you are in the world for a purpose; that you are there to help; that you are a part to perform which no one else can do for you, because everyone else has his part to fill in the great life drama. If you do not act your role, there will be something lacking, a want in the product. No one ever amounts to much until he feels this sure— that he was made to accomplish a certain thing, to fill a definite part. Then life seems to take on a new meaning.

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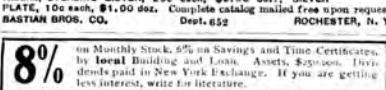
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**WE WANT NEW STORIES FOR THIS PAGE**—crisp, amusing stories that have not been printed in other publications. If we judge a composition to be good enough for our "Point and Pleasantries" column we will pay ten cents a word for each story as published, reserving the right to change the wording as may seem necessary.

If we consider a contribution to be not quite up to the standard of this column, but still available for our pages, we will retain it for another department at our current rates.

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### CORRECTING WILLIE.

**P**APA and mamma and son Willie were crossing the ocean. Willie had done something for which his mother thought he needed correction, but not feeling equal to the occasion she turned to her husband. "John," she said, "can't you speak to Willie?"

Papa replied in a thin, weak voice, "How'dy, Willie."

—B. B.

### AS WE SPEAK IT.

A German, who had come to America to master our language, was being shown behind the scenes of a vaudeville theater by one of his American friends.

"That man," said the American, indicating an actor with a wave of his hand, "is taking off his make-up to make up for another take off."

The German departed sputtering.

—GEORGE B. STAFF.

### A QUICK RECOVERY.

"Mamma," said Johnny, "if you will let me go just this one time I won't ask for anything to eat."

"All right," said his mother. "Get your hat."

Johnny, perched on the edge of a big chair, became restless as savory odors came from the region of the kitchen. At last he blurted out: "There's lots of pie and cake in this house."

The admonishing face of his mother recalled his promise and he added:

"But what's that to me?"

—E. BALDWIN CHAPMAN.

### AN OLD FRIEND.

A private soldier once rendered some slight service to the first Napoleon:

"Thank you, captain," said the emperor carelessly.

"In what regiment, sir?" was the instant response of the quick-witted private.

"In my guards," replied the emperor, pleased with the man's ready retort.

This incident, with appropriate variations, also happened to Genghis Khan, Ivan the Terrible, Attila, Gustavus Adolphus, Louis XIV, Charlemagne, Alexander, King Alfred, Xerxes, Richard the Lion-hearted, and Henry of Navarre.

—W.M. S. ADKINS.

A South Dakota railroad is noted for its execrable road-bed. A new brakeman was making his first run over the road at night and was standing in the center of the car, grimly clutching the seats to keep erect. Suddenly the train struck a smooth place in the track, and slid along without a sound. Seizing his lantern, the brakeman ran for the door. "Jump for your lives," he shouted. "She's off the track!"

—F. H. DYE.

### THE UNIVERSAL FRANCHISE.

A small number of men sympathizers took part in the suffragist parade in New York City, among them several members of the faculty of Teachers' College. One of these professors had the honor of leading the male contingent and of carrying a banner.

"Did you notice," he asked a friend afterward, "what the inscription was on that banner they gave me to carry?"

"No," replied his friend, "you carried it as if you were afraid some one would decipher it."

"It read," chuckled the professor, "'The men vote—why not we?'"

—S. C. SPALDING.

### STRUCKEN WITH GENEROSITY.

A Scotsman brought his entire family of seven to visit a relative in London. They were entertained in a manner that left nothing to be asked for two weeks: theaters, suppers, cabrides about the city, excursions into the country. The whole time McPherson never put his hand in his pocket to pay for a thing.

When the family was going home, the Londoner and his cousin went into the buffet for a final glass. From force of habit he groped for his wallet; but Sandy gripped his arm.

"Na, na!" said he. "Ye've verra gude ta me an' mine this fortnight past, Mon, we'll ha'e a toss for this lasht wee nippie!"

—R. K. T.

### ONE FOR EACH FACE.

A Western politician had quite a reputation in his own town for successful duplicity. It was generally believed that his idea of party principles was to work and vote with the winning side. He once entered the store of a druggist who happened, at the time, to be opposed to him politically.

"I want a jar of face cream," he said.

"Be sanitary, Tom," replied the druggist.

"Get two jars."

—R. W. HOFFLUND.

### PRETTY DIRTY.

Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames River where they can swim to their heart's content. As one little boy was getting into the water his little friend said:

"Johnnie, you're pretty dirty!"

"Yes," replied Johnnie, "I missed the train last year."

### RUBBING IT IN.

A "trusty" had escaped from the penitentiary and the warden was much chagrined. Every effort was made to recapture the fugitive, but to no avail.

Two weeks later the warden received the following note in the mail:

DEAR WARDEN:

Please excuse the liberty I am taking.

"No. 2323."

# The Canny Rustic

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

**D**UBBLEIGH had made pretty good time that morning in his run from Quinectown over to Barberry Corners. He had started early, and observing nobody on the road had let the car out to its full speed capacity, rolling he miles at a terrific rate irrespective of known or unknown legal restrictions. Forty-odd miles intervening had been run in a trifle over an hour, and now, as passed slowly through Barberry Corners, leaving a swinging sign ahead of him reading "GARAGE," he concluded to pause for a moment in his mad career to cool off. The car drew up in front of the door a tall gaunt individual with the proverbial whisker, and single suspender, emerged. "Mornin'," he said, as he critically inspected the car.

"Good morning," said Dubbleigh, cordially. The brisk ride had cheered his very soul. There wasn't a cobweb left in his brain, and slept at peace with all the world. "This is eat country of yours," he added.

"Ya-as," said the Rustic. "We callate we some country up around here. Pretty lookin' car you got there."

"Glad you like it," said Dubbleigh. "I've seven altogether and this one takes the e off anything I've seen yet in the motor."

Not much speed to her though, I reckon," the Rustic, as he leaned down and took a hasty glance at the machinery. "What's limit, thutty mile?"

"Thirty miles!" scoffed Dubbleigh. "Well, er. Multiply that by two and you come er to what that car can do when she tries, without any wheezing either."

"Yorry!" ejaculated the Rustic. "That's 'some, ain't it?"

"Rather," said Dubbleigh. "How far is it here to Quinectown?" he added.

"Forty-three miles," said the Rustic.

"Well, then," said Dubbleigh, "just to give some idea of how that car can travel I've a mind to let things go on a country road that isn't much to brag about, let me you that it is just sixty-four minutes I left the Wayside Inn at Quinectown."

"Wa-al I wanter know!" said the Rustic. "It's about forty miles an hour, ain't it?"

"Just," said Dubbleigh. "What have you to say to that, sir?"

"Wa-al," said the Rustic, "as the keeper is here garridge, I kin say with my hand heart that that's some goin', but as the ice o' the Peace of this here taown, I'd further remark that it'll cost ye fifteen dollars for a violation of the speed laws o' this community. The legal rate is twenty-five an hour."

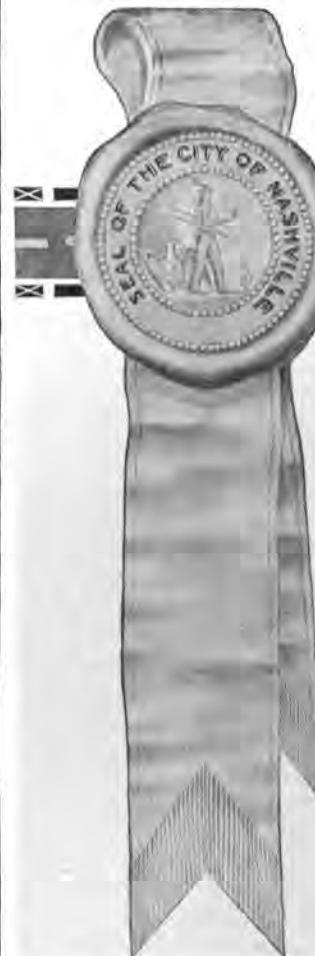
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## Travels with a Junk Man in Arcadia

City and mystery, all its greenness and blossoms, its stars and tides and liberating influences to which all men and millionaires come at last, seeking them usually by devious and costly roads. The rich man, with his expensively manned retinue, and his many-maniacal palaces by the Mediterranean Sea—what has he more than Captain Haverstraw of *The Whistling Oysterman* or Old John with the open road for his grand tour? Of course, neither of those serious vagabonds would put the matter so, probably they never think of the matter at all, having come naturally by the riches of a rich content, which less fortunate men go on seeking, to find too late or not at all. But, we can hear Old John's bells jingling him to his castle by the sea, so once more up into the captain's boat and he pulls shore.

(To be continued)

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Continued from page 21

## A Girl of the Thirty Thousand

He turned again to the policeman.

"You swear this is true?"

The policeman raised his hand.

"I swear."

Rhona felt a stab as of lightning. She raised her hand high; her voice came clear, sharp, real, rising above the drone-like noise of the court.

"I swear it is not true. I never struck him, he struck me!"

The magistrate's face reddened, a vein on his forehead swelled up, and he leaned toward Rhona.

"What you say, young woman," there was a touch of passion in his voice, "doesn't count. Understand? You're one of these strikers, aren't you? Well, the whole lot of you," his voice rose, "are on a strike against God, whose principal law is that man should earn bread by the sweat of his brow."

Rhona trembled before these unbelievable words. She stared into his eyes, and he went on passionately:

"I've let some of you off with fines—but this has gone too far. I'll make an example of you. You shall go to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island for five days. Next!"

Again her arm was grasped; again she was pushed, without volition, through crowding faces; and at length, after another ride in the patrol wagon, she found herself on a narrow cot in a narrow cell. The door slammed shut ominously. Dim light entered through a high aperture.

She flung herself down her whole length, and sobbed. Bitter was life for Rhona Hemilit, seventeen years old.

### III

The next day was as a dream. Not until evening did it become real. Breakfast was brought to her cell, but she did not taste it. Next she was led out by a policeman to the street and packed in the patrol wagon with eight other women. The morning was gray, with a hard sifting snow, and as the wagon bumped over cobblestones, Rhona breathed deep of the keen air.

The ride seemed without end; but next she was in a ferry; and then, last, was hurried into a long gray building on Blackwell's Island.

Her cell was fairly large, and contained two cots, one against each wall. She was left disconsolately alone, numb, in despair, and moving about in a dream.

But after supper she found herself locked in with another woman. She sat down on the edge of her cot, in the dim light of the room, and with a sharp glance, half fear, half curiosity, regarded her room-mate. This other was a woman of possibly thirty years, with sallow cheeks, bright burning eyes, and straggly hair. She stood before the little wall mirror apparently examining herself. Suddenly she turned:

"What you looking at, kid?"

Rhona averted her eyes.

"I didn't mean—"

"Say," said the other, "ain't I the awful thing? Not a rat or a puff or a dab of rouge allowed in these here premises. I do look a sight—a fright, Gee!" she turned. "You're not so worse. A little pale, kid."

She came over and sat next to Rhona.

"What'll I call you?"

Rhona shrank. She was a sensitive, ignorant girl, and did not understand this type of woman. Something coarse, familiar, vulgar seemed to grate against her.

"Rhona's my name," she breathed.

"My name's Millie—Now we're pals, eh?" Then she rattled on. "First time in the workhouse? Comes hard at first, doesn't it? Cut off from friends and fun—and ain't the work beastly? Say, Ronie, what's your job in little old New York?"

Rhona swallowed a dull sob.

"I haven't any—we're on strike."

Millie jumped up.

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See page 3

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

## AGAZINE

What, you one of them shirtwaist strikers?"

"Yes." "Why'd they run you in?"

"An officer struck me, and then said I'd break him."

"Just like a man! Oh, I know men! I'd break it, I know the men! So, you were shirtwaist maker. How much d'yer earn?"

"Oh, about five or six a week."

"A—week!" Millie whistled. "And I suppose ten hours a day, or worse, and I suppose that would kill an ox."

"Yes," said Rhona, "hard work."

Millie sat down and put an arm about the shaking girl.

"Say, kiddie, I like you. I'm going to chuck little horse sense at you. Now you listen to me. My sister worked in a pickle place in Pennsylvania, and she lasted just two years, then, galloping consumption, and—" she stopped her fingers, her voice became husky, or fool? Two years is the limit where she lived. And who paid the rent? I did. But course I wasn't respectable—oh, no; I was queer." She rattled on, this morally callous but not unkindly woman, talking freely of wild life about which Rhona knew nothing.

She finally looked at her terrified. She did not understand. What sort of a woman is this?

They went to bed, their light was put out. Rhona lay staring in the darkness. She was helpless, hypnotized, receptive, quaking with a wild horror. Later she remembered that night in Russia when she and others hid under the corn in a barn, while the mob roamed over their heads . . . a moment later with impending mutilation and death . . . and she felt that this night was more terrible than that. Her girlhood seemed torn to shreds. Why had they locked her up with a woman? How had she deserved it? What she done, monstrous and unbelievable, to get this punishment? . . . Dawn broke, a tiny glimmer through the high barred window.

Rhona rose from her bed, rushed to the window, pulled on the bars, and screamed. The screaming, running down, Millie, leaping forward, cried:

"What's the matter?"  
At the slim figure in the white nightgown lying down on the floor, and thus earned a few hours in the hospital.

## IV

They set her to scrubbing floors next day, work for which she had neither experience nor strength. Weary, weary day—the rhythm of the scrubbing brush, the bending of the back, the sloppy, dirty floors—or and on, minute after minute, on through the endless days. She tried to work diligently, though she was dizzy and sick, and felt as if she were sinking to pieces. Feverishly she kept on, which was tasteless to her; so was supper; and when supper came Millie,

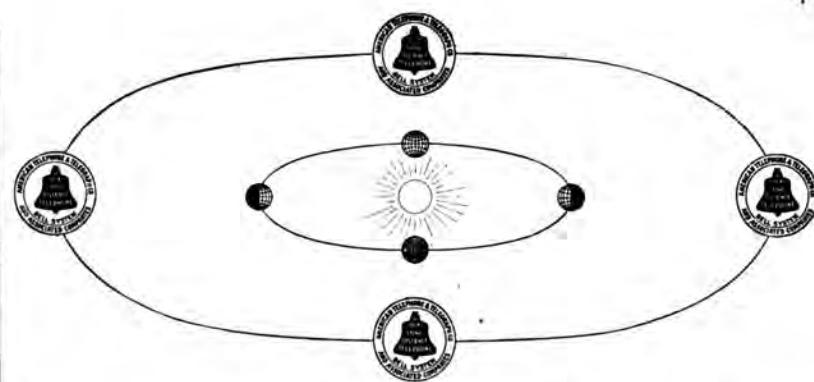
no one can tell of the three nights when the poor girl was locked in with a woman of hard character—nights, true, of lessening horror, so all the more terrible. As Rhona came to realize that she was growing accustomed to the talk—even to the point of laughing at the jokes—she was aghast at the dark spaces beneath her and within her. She was becoming a different sort of being—she looked back at the hard-toiling girl, who worked so faithfully, who tried to study, who had a quiet life, whose day was an innocent routine of work and meals and talk and sleep as on some other who was beautiful and lovely, but now not. In her place was a sharp, cynical young man. Well for Rhona that her sentence was but five days!

The next afternoon she was scrubbing down a long corridor between the cells, when the iron came, jangling her keys.

"Some one here for you," said the matron. Rhona leaped up.

"My mother!" she cried out in a piercing cry.

"See here," said the matron, "you want to stay—and only five minutes, mind you."



*Comparison of the Distance Traveled by Earth and Bell Telephone Messages*

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In one year the earth on its orbit around the sun travels 584,000,000 miles; in the same time telephone messages travel 23,600,000,000 miles over the pathways provided by the Bell system. That means that the 7,175,000,000 Bell conversations cover a distance forty times that traveled by the earth.

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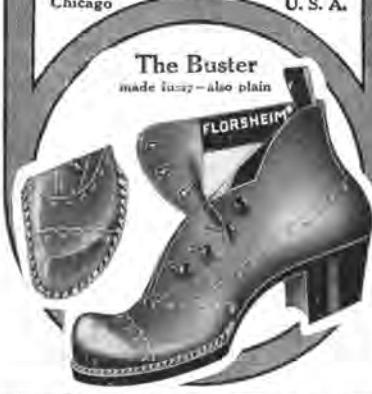
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"My mother?" Rhona repeated, her heart near to bursting.

"No—some one else. Come along."

Rhona followed, half-choking. The big door was unlocked before her and swung open—she peered out. It was Miss Vane of the Woman's League.

Seeing this face of a friend, suddenly recalled her to her old world, to the struggle, the heroism, the strike, and filled with a sense of her imprisonment and its injustice, she rushed blindly out into open arms, and was clutched close . . . close . . .

And then she sobbed . . . wept for minutes . . . purifying tears. . . . And suddenly she had an inspiration, a flash of the meaning of her martyrdom . . . how it could be used as a fire and a torch to kindle and lead the others.

She lifted up her face.

"You tell the girls," she cried, "it's perfectly wonderful to be here. It's all right. Just you tell them it's all right. Any of them would be glad to do it!"

And then the matron, who was listening, stepped forward.

"Time's up!"

There was one kiss, one hug, and the brave girl was led away. The door slammed her in.

V

Two weeks later there was a vast mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall to celebrate the return of Rhona and some others who had also been sent to the workhouse. After the music, the speeches, Rhona stepped forward, slim, pale, and very little before the gigantic auditorium. She spoke simply.

"I was picketing on Great Jones Street. A man came up and struck me. I had him arrested. But in court he said I struck him, and the judge sent me to Blackwell's Island. I had to scrub floors. But it was only for five days. I think we all ought to be glad to go to the workhouse because that will help women to be free, and help the strikers. I'm glad I went. It wasn't anything much!"

They cheered her, for they saw before them a young heroine, victorious, beloved. But her mother had something else to say later.

"Rhona? Well, you had ought to seen her when we first landed! Ah! she was a beauty, my Rhona—such cheeks, such hair, such eyes—laughing all the time. But now—ach!" She sighed dreadfully. "So it goes. Only, I wished she wasn't always so afraid—afraid to go out . . . afraid . . . so nervous . . . so . . . different."

Continued from page 30

## The Reciprocity Illusion

The South is for the most part not affected by "Reciprocity." Its industries are not interfered with. Cotton and rice are not produced in Canada or dealt with in the "Reciprocity" measure. Neither is sugar a factor in "Reciprocity." The live-stock business of the South is insignificant compared with that of the West and Middle West. The South will be the gainer if free raw materials eventually result in cheaper foods. It stands to lose nothing by "Reciprocity," and may gain. The Taft sentiment of the Southern delegates to the national Republican convention is in nowise threatened by the passage of the "Reciprocity" bill.

No political measure has ever been more carefully calculated than "Reciprocity." Backed as it was from the very start by the active support of the manufacturers and of the whole capitalistic press, "Reciprocity" appears to have greatly strengthened the President's chances of securing a solid body of delegates from the Republican machine of the East. The same influences have increased the Taft sentiment in the packing and milling districts of the Middle West and in the patronage-built Taft machine of the South.

But important as these results may have been for Mr. Taft and the Republican ma-



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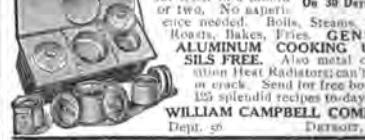
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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Reciprocity" has also accomplished her and still more important service, to the fact that "Reciprocity" has been largely through the eyes of capital-newspapers committed to Mr. Taft's re-orientation, the really indefensible injustices the bill have been greatly minimized in the eyes of the public. In all sections of the country where the people were not vitally affected by the unjust schedules, "Reciprocity" been able to pass as a sincere attempt on part of the administration to break down walls and to reduce the cost of living, only in the West and in the farming districts of the Middle West, where the fear of Canadian competition stimulated the people to scrutinize the bill, was it understood and diligently commented upon. In these sections it aroused a storm of indignant protest and the hostility of the people's representatives in both houses of Congress.

It is not that the people of the West and Middle West were unwilling to undergo their share of whatever sacrifices are necessary in order to establish real reciprocity with Canada. But they were unwilling to be the only ones selected by the administration for sacrifice, especially as they were not at all convinced of the sincerity of the measure suspected that the framers of the bill were influenced by political more than by economic considerations.

The West's opposition to "Reciprocity," its attempt to amend the bill and supplement it with a farmers' free list thus gave the administration press an opportunity of showing the Insurgents before the country in sight of men who were opposing a measure for the general welfare simply out of selfishness and an inability to take a broad view of a great act of statesmanship on the part of the President. This turning of public sentiment against his most powerful political enemies was perhaps the most important part of "Reciprocity" from the point of view of 1912.

One of the most interesting features of the "Reciprocity" bill, from a political point of view, is the paper schedule. The daily press in most sections of the country, in entire sympathy with the plans of the Republican administration. Controlled by capital, it casts a powerful influence in favor of nominating a candidate who is thoroughly sympathetic to big business. The magazines, on the other hand, are on the whole progressive, and bitterly hostile to conducting the Federal Government in the interests of big business.

Mr. Taft's bill provides that news print paper shall be admitted free of duty. It is noted that the duty on the higher grades of paper is not reduced. It is also to be remembered that the daily papers are printed on low grades of paper which, under "Reciprocity," come in free, and that the magazines printed on the higher grades of paper must pay the same tariff as the high tariff of the Payne-Gentry bill is retained.

Those who are aware of the enormous quantity of low-grade print paper used by the daily papers will realize the immense saving which may be assured to them by the paper clause of the "Reciprocity" act—a saving which, in the case of a large metropolitan paper, will amount literally to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year.

His careful favoring of the pro-Taft fraction of public opinion is certainly a shrewd political move. It is also an instance of the anticipation of coming political struggle with which the treaty with Canada was made.

## LET "RECIPROCITY" MAY BRING UNINTENDED BENEFITS

Unless the "Reciprocity" bill should be passed. In the first place it may prove to have raw materials come in free. At tell at what time we may stand in buying wheat and other raw products from Canada, and a treaty with Canada might prove impossible. But the real value

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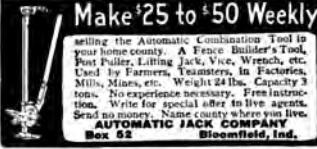
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in "Reciprocity" is one that was evidently not contemplated by its framers. It is that its sheer injustice to the farmer and the consumer is so great and its discrimination in favor of the manufacturer so gross that its enactment must surely and soon be followed by reprisals on the part of the injured classes against the favored classes, resulting in real tariff reform in the interests of the whole country. From this point of view "Reciprocity" is strangely enough likely to prove a break in the solid tariff wall which has existed so long in favor of the manufacturing interests—the very same interests that the "Reciprocity" schedules were so carefully calculated to protect.

When the record of the Sixty-second Congress takes its place in history, the intelligent public of the United States will have understood the "Reciprocity" bill much more fully than it understands it now. The one-sided and wholly unjust nature of the measure will have become a matter of public knowledge, and the efforts of the Insurgents to embody common justice and common sense into the bill will be fully comprehended by the country.

In the meantime, the so-called "Reciprocity" bill should be read by all who are interested in current politics. The "gospel" should be viewed at close range. Whatever may be said of it as a tariff measure, it was a masterpiece of machine politics.

Nevertheless, by playing politics in "Reciprocity," the administration has not permanently improved Mr. Taft's position as a candidate.

The regular leaders of the Republican Party are now on trial charged with undue sympathy with special privilege. The country feels that they have shown a curious inability to realize that the Government should be conducted in the interests of the average man—who is a poor man with an annual income of less than seven hundred dollars a year on which to house, feed, clothe his family. The country feels that the Republican administration in most, if not all, questions where there was a conflict between the special interests and the people, has sided with the former as long as public opinion allowed it to do so. More and more the conviction has taken hold of the people that the administration has been under influences which have prevented it from considering the poor.

When "Reciprocity" was introduced to the people it was with a flourish of trumpets.

It was announced by the President, the Cabinet, and the Capitalistic press to be a remedy for the alleged injustices of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, and a great act of constructive statesmanship.

The political leaders pointed with pride to "Reciprocity" as a proof of their popular and progressive ideas on tariff. The bill itself, like all tariff bills, was not read by the people, and what was learned about it from the daily press was on the whole in line with the claims made by politicians. The very name "Reciprocity with Canada" was enough to disarm criticism.

The country "fell" for the "Reciprocity" crusade. Nevertheless it is now highly probable that not even the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, the President's Alaskan policies, or his reception of the wool, cotton and farmers' free list bills, will prove so formidable a stumbling block to the plans for his renomination and reelection, as this "gospel" of "Reciprocity." For, added to its injustice to the farmer and its betrayal of the interests of the consumer is a peculiar and sinister element of danger, the danger that the country will at last read the "Reciprocity" bill and see that not even the Payne-Aldrich act was so conspicuous an example of a tariff measure framed in the interest of special privilege, and realize that it has been egregiously foisted.

Shortly before Mr. Taft's election, he said that he was in favor of the immediate downward revision of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff. The country is now beginning to inquire why "Reciprocity" was the only tariff-reducing measure that was not promptly vetoed.

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Continued from page 29

## THE ADMIRABLE ADMIRALS

"they," because the idea seemed to strike 'em about the same time, an' they happened to light on the same owner. 'N' the evenin' before they was goin' to sail, both broke the news to her over the phone, an' so it was a dead heat. An' when one of 'em found out about the other, Boston's water-front wasn't big enough for 'em to have their time tearin' down.

Now, seein' they'd reached the limit, it seemed like the time had come for Effie to change her colors. I don't know how the idea got around the fleet, but somehow it was generally considered that this trip would tell the whole story.

Even the admirals themselves seemed to take it for granted, and an eight-inch hawk couldn't have held them two vessels together safer than the fear that the other fellow'd be away for port unbeknownst. The new vessel wouldn't be ready for a few days, so Georgie sailed this last trip with the Bella. Cousin stood on the tow-boat company's dock, wavin' her hanky to 'em as long as they was in sight, an' we stood around shinin' her an' layin' a few extra bets on result. She was a takin' little thing—she was no gettin' round that.

Fishin' luck is any sign of shore luck, an' admirals ought to've had a dozen girls comin' in port for 'em, instead of one, because there never was such a run of fish as when vessels come into that trip. There ain't any chance of one's farin' better'n the other—they stuck together closer'n glue all those days an' nights, each skipper watchin' the other through his glasses, agin' any sign of appin' anchor. Georgie worked like a dog, all of his not havin' to, an' Cap'n Silvado turned around and said what a splendid fellow she was. Everybody felt like they was gettin' ready for the biggest race ever pulled off in the waters, an' was strung up accordin'.

You know the course from the Georges about Nor-nor-west to the tip of Cape Cod, an' from there it hauls down to the hard for Boston. Of course anything you shave off on that angle is so much to the good, but Peaked Hill Bar ain't a thing to get free with, even at high water. Well, the admiral and them old skippers, as had sailed these waters for so many good years, stood in to see that point showed the state their minds were in. Whatever come to them served 'em right.

I say, it was night time an' everybody below except the two men at the two wheels an' the two admirals perambulatin' and amidships, too wrought up to keep quiet, not to speak of sleepin'. Of course the vessels was fairly close together, both bein' so close in, but the Bella'd gained two or three lengths on the Handy Ann by this time, an' that's how Cap'n Silvado comes to be havin' to-day.

Now he ever managed to do it, nobody knows. He won't tell. I guess probably he'd have wandered up too close to the forces, 'cause she was slackin' to a puff, bein' blind. An' dumb with his pink dreams, so to speak, an' the boom must've fetched over and hit him in the back, an' lifted him into the ocean.

See that as it may, the first thing Cap'n Silvado knew, he heard somebody makin' a fuss over water somewhere on his stab'd bow. It wasn't long before he'd come about, an' splashed the seat of somebody's pants with a hook. If he wasn't the surprisedst man happened when he found who his visitor was! I'll scuttle this here ship. He wasn't you'd call exactly broke up over it either, but he saw the Bella Silva disappearin' in the night, all unknownin' of its loss, an' when he heard the language that same loss was now known. He simply set down an' give way to his blues in one long string of horse-laughter. I don't know but what I might've done some harm if Prove he hadn't seen me save him by suddenly introducin' the Handy Ann to Peaked Hill. Bar an' makin'

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'em fast friends for life, far's appear-  
wont.

For two people that'd once been fri-  
ends Cap'n Todd an' Cap'n Silvado gave a revo-  
lution exhibition the rest of that night. Cap'n T  
wondered how a man that would fall off  
his own vessel without so much as mentioning  
to one of the crew ever was allowed on  
sea at all, an' Cap'n Silvado made a spec-  
ial all at the same time, havin' to do with  
kind of sailor men that are always hunting  
a bit of land so's they can run into it, an'  
kept askin' Cap'n Todd why he didn't go on  
over the cape into Provincetown an'  
the trouble of bein' hauled off in the morn'.  
The crew simply stood around and com-  
plain, every-day cusses. Altogether, it was  
high an' companionable time.

Of course they got dragged off an' seen  
their way next day, but they wasn't the same  
people. It ain't an entirely pleasant pros-  
pect for two respectable skippers to be mar-  
ried, one of 'em with a ship he'd run aground  
on a charted shoal under a lighthouse in  
fair weather, an' the other without a ship  
fall off like a cabin boy. More'n that,  
taste had gone out of the race, seein' that  
was bound to get there together now unless  
one of 'em jumped overboard an' swum  
how they could fix it, could one of 'em  
ahead of the other to stay. It looked  
heaven meant 'em to stand even with no  
vows given, an' get what was comin' to 'em  
by their merits only. This bein' the case,  
spent all that day discussin' each other's  
its from opposite ends of the *Handy*,  
until the discussion grew too painful, at  
which they just set around an' glared.

The first thing they laid eyes on when  
made out Fish Wharf was a brand-new ves-  
sel layin' in the end berth an' ready for sea.

"I see Georgie's ready for his first trip  
that vessel I got him," Cap'n Todd hollered  
to Cap'n Silvado, at the same time smoochin'  
his whiskers an' makin' himself presentable.

Cap'n Silvado didn't say a word, meanin'  
give the impression that Cap'n Todd was  
worth it. He was busy with his mustache.

Somewhat, when they come alongside  
wharf they both felt kind of flustered an'  
an' they both sneaked down in the cabin  
set in two bunks facin' one another, givin'  
worse'n ever. They hadn't more'n felt  
this first bump of the pier when they heard a  
on the companion ladder, an' next min' there  
there stood the person that'd gotten 'em  
all this mess, smilin' very sweet an' pretty  
—of all the world—homely old Cap'n Todd.  
She reached out a hand to Cap'n Silvado.

"Won't you congratulate me, Mr. Silvado?" says she. "If my husband is to be a skipper  
then all skippers'll be my friends, and givin'  
ness knows you've been that to me."

Cap'n Silvado couldn't move so much as  
a eyelash, he was so taken up an' slammed her  
again. He hadn't more'n got one good  
remark ready to fire at Cap'n Todd when  
girl went on, turnin' to that person.

"And you, too, Mr. Todd. You've  
been regular old angels."

"Old angels!" the two of 'em exploded  
together. "Why, Miss Effie!"

"Mrs. Georgie," she corrected 'em, clear-  
fully. "We were married this morning be-  
fore you got in."

Then when she observed 'em both keel-  
ed over cold an' stiff, somethin' seemed  
dawn on her.

"Why—why—I thought you knew it  
along," says she. "Georgie and I've  
been trying to get married ever since we were  
dren. Our mothers, who were second cou-  
planned it out years and years ago, and we  
only been waiting till Georgie had a good  
position. And you two old dears fixed it all  
Oh, I love you both!"

Well, the admirals are still sailin' the  
waters, but they ain't the same men. For  
long spell they kept out of sight's muc-  
they could, an' they shunned each other  
the smallpox. But I do hear it said  
somebody seen 'em comin' out of Mahon-  
together the other night an' spendin' more  
than an hour argufyin' over which one was to  
the other home to his vessel.

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## MADONNA

clothes you were soon to wear. It was here in his room, too, you were born, Donna. I never told you, did I?"

He halted, choked with the memory of past motions. How real they still were as he dared re-live them! He had been alone with Barker in the little room waiting impatiently. He had felt so helpless, so guilty that he should be sitting there doing nothing while she was suffering. Could he ever forget his rebellion at the scheme of things which made the frail roseleaf of a woman suffer, while he, in his young strength, could do nothing, nothing. Why was it so? How he had pounded his head with that steel question, as he sat with Barker, who confided he felt the same way himself a few years before. And then Barker had tried to make him drink brandy "to soothe him and make him normal." As if brandy were what he wanted when his pale little wife lay quivering with pain. During those hours how he hated the child that was coming. He was responsible! How dared he have wanted it; he who paid so little while the woman was giving everything. It had seemed ages in his struggle, too, before "the late Mrs. B." had come to tell him it was a girl, and that his wife had been wonderful and brave. Then he had been glad he was a father—glad and ever-proud, Barker had said.

"They wouldn't let me speak to your mother that day; but at night I tiptoed into the room and closed that door. We were alone—she, I and you, Donna. On the tiny crib her hand rested as though to warn all trespassers away, could not move for so long while. I was in some shrine where no man should have entered. Her breathing was calm and steady, like music in the silence. She moved and rushed a curl from her forehead, and the moonbeams fell upon her hair, which haloed everything. I went near her like a thief to steal look at you. She did not hear me; she heard the breathing of her child only in her dreams. I pulled the coverlet down and looked at you. You weren't so pretty then; yet I don't think you ever seemed more wonderful to me. Your mother never moved even when I knelt beside her and kissed her hot hand and tried to think the things I felt."

He felt again that hand clasping his across the years; he heard again the soft breathing; but it was only Donna this time who was calling him back to finish the story—for he must have become silent again in recollection.

"I don't know how long I was there; only from your mother's face the moon rose and drew its rays like finger points to the picture above her head. It was the same *Madonna and Her Child*."

He could see they, too, were looking at it as it floated so steadily in the light.

"There are some things we lock in our heart and throw away the key or save the key to use it once. You two must know that I felt somehow that night as though I knew all the secrets of the world. For I understood then for the first time what love was; what marriage really meant to those who really loved. That was the most sacred moment in my life. And as I sat there, Gilbert, I resolved to be worthy, more worthy even than I had promised to be at the altar. You see I realized that though I had not suffered for the child as the mother had, there were other things I could do. And to that little bit of breathing flesh I promised all the best that could be so that she would be a worthy wife and mother for the man she loved as her mother was for me. Gilbert take good care of her. I know you will because I know you. She's the dearest thing I'm leaving behind."

He instantly corrected the slip of his tongue, questioning whether they would suspect that he would soon pass. But they were too absorbed in themselves. They said nothing, and let them live with their own thoughts while the fire glowed quietly.

"Your mother never left her bed. I told

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her of my midnight visit and my resolve before she died, and she only pressed my hand faintly and never said a word. But I know she understood, and was proud of her motherhood, and that her little girl would grow under my care. I couldn't help calling you Donna—Ma—Donna—for somehow that name has always been a yesterday, and that picture has always held your mother's last smile."

He cleared his throat. It did get eloquent and thick at times; but he would soon be silent.

"Children, never be ashamed of the big and best things you feel. I wonder if you understand the real big thing a foolish sentimental father is trying to tell you at your wedding eve."

He rose slowly from the depths of his chair. The moon had hidden behind the clouds during the room. He reached for a candle, and held high its golden light before the picture. It seemed to float from its frame. His daughter and Gilbert were silently by his side looking at it, too. As he stood there he wondered whether they saw what he could see—the whole of Motherhood, the epic poem of Progress and Life, the story of Pain for Creation, the Reward of sad lines melting into baby smiles! Had been caught in the face which shone down upon them. Flesh faded away and spirits stole out. Motherhood! That was the meaning of marriage. Love that spoke of bubble of little children, not with the red warmth of soulless passion.

And somehow he knew they saw it, too. Donna silently made him lower the candle, as its light flooded her face he saw a moment of calm there—the calm of her unsheathed strength—the strength which would send gloriously beyond the virginal fears of her girlhood into the arms of her husband who might be the father of her child. Her eyes had looked into the mystery and it became part of the truth. She had seen the great rôle she could play in the sweep of life and she was ready.

And Gilbert, too, had changed. There was an added sense of responsibility, a gentleness and an awe hovering amid the thoughts the picture had brought. He let the moments pass, he knew his children were on the heights, and people do not find them very often together.

"Say good night to her, Gilbert, and go by till I bring her to you in the church tomorrow."

She raised her lips to Gilbert but, for some reason or other, he gently lowered her head and with infinite tenderness kissed her hair. When she lifted her face again there was an intensified understanding glowing in her eyes.

When they were alone and the outer door had closed, Donna came to her father. She took her in his arms. He sensed the calmness of the awakening woman; the little girl was gone forever. He could say nothing either. Words would have cut the silence. But he looked at the Madonna, too, as she slowly trailed to the door of her little room. She must have whispered a good-by to him the last time they would be together, but he did not hear it.

He took the candle and held it high above him again before the picture. Yes; yes, stood for all Motherhood; she was the Ideal. He had let his children see what lay behind the paint and canvas. He had given them something to start them safely. They might not achieve happiness as he had; they might falter fatally as others who had likewise run with heads and hearts high. But at least they would have had a glimpse at the hidden heights revealed to so few.

Yet, as he lingered there, the picture seemed to change; and only the woman came forth, wife, the mother of his child. She was just the longer part of the universal: she was just the woman smiling to him from afar. He was but human after all, a thing of blood and bones. To sustain his strength he had fought himself through the years, but he acknowledged, at last, he was tired of the struggle, feed his flesh with his spirit.

Yes; he had shown them the sweep of spirit, but, now, that he was quite alone, he just weakly wanted the soft hands of the Painted and the gentle breathing woman.

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## KNOX PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING GELATINE

### Dessert Book FREE

Our recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," illustrated in colors, showing just how the dishes look, and giving over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ice Cream, Cakes, etc., will be sent you, FREE, to your greater name. If he doesn't keep Knox Gelatine, send 2c stamp for pint sample, or 15c for 2-quart package.

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Standard-Gillette Light Co., 101 Michigan St., Chicago, U.S.A.

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Continued from page 14  
the Protection of Nursing Mothers in Industry

which provides that all workshops employing more than fifty women shall have a separate room set aside where a woman may retire to nurse her baby, and permission shall be granted her to do this. Roumania, Argentina and Spain have similar humane laws. Scattered over France, in Germany, and in England, at rare intervals it is true, are industrial communities the infant death rates which have been cut. In England private philanthropy has been the agency which has accomplished much. In France and in Germany the death rate has been cut rather through the application of more general principles, as in the town of Vienne in the department of Isère. The industry in this town manufactures textiles, paper and metal articles, and there is a population of over twenty thousand. This town, in common with other industrial towns, had a high infant mortality rate. Out of every 100 children born, 21 died. In 1894 M. Francisque Brinckler founded the Mutualité Maternelle, whose aim is to care for working mothers, and especially to give them gratuitous medical assistance before the birth of their children, and to permit them to rest for a month after delivery. This society also encourages breast feeding. It is stated that 60 per cent. of the women in this industrial town feed their own babies.

### Two French Towns Solve the Problem

In the year 1902 it was found that only 10 babies died out of every 100. This means that Vienne had reversed its former record; that the death rate of its babies was small a one as that of rural France, and in the cases smaller; and that by the application of an intelligent system of maternal insurance which permitted rest and freedom from worry and proper medical attention, babies lived where they had hitherto died.

Le Creusot in the department of Saône-et-Loire, France, is another town which has accomplished the same thing but with different methods. Le Creusot is an industrial town of the purest type, and its population centers around the machine shops and steel works of Schneider & Co. The employers in this great manufacturing center came to the sensible conclusion that it would be better for them to raise their workers and that these workers must be strong and healthy.

M. Pinaud, in his study of the course given by the company, notes in an article in the Académie de Medicine, 1905:

That the average death rate of children under one year of age in France is 17 per cent.; that the average death rate in industrial towns of 30,000 to 3,000,000 inhabitants is 20.8 per cent., but that Le Creusot for a ten-year period had an average death rate of 11.04 per cent.

The recommendations made by W. M. Schneider to the country at large to secure results attained at Le Creusot were to:

- (1) Ameliorate the general living conditions such as sanitary housing and sanitary conditions of towns,
- (2) Raise the wages of the workmen to a point that their wives may be at liberty to consecrate their time to their naturalities,
- (3) Give the assurance of gratuitous medical assistance,

While Dr. Pinaud recognizes the advantages of sanitary housing, he places a special basis upon the wage scale.

*When the wage scale of the husband is the married woman will work, and when she leaves her home her babies die.*

More than 80 per cent. of Le Creusot mothers nurse their children, and, like the women of Vienne, the Le Creusot women have medical care and rest before the birth of their children.

## Popular Educational Food Campaign

Free: Four Booklets Which Have Taught Many People To Cure Themselves



### No Foods Sold No Fasting No Exercises

## Brainy Diet

A thin man, after being out of work nearly a year through weakness, was restored in three weeks to hard work as a carpenter at full pay. In such cases the change from a clogging, death-producing diet to energizing foods caused a literal transformation.

Another patient, deaf in the right ear, owing to a discharge caused by an excess of mucus-making foods (cream, butter, cheese, etc.), was completely cured of deafness and catarrh by taking correct combinations of suitable foods.

A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge cured within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, took correct combinations of ordinary daily foods and reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses), gained strength with firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism.

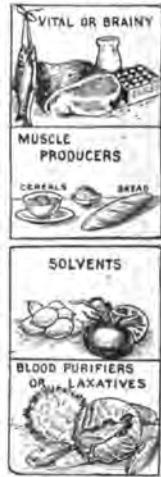
A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, took correct combinations of ordinary daily foods and reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses), gained strength with firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism.

A university student writes from Lincoln, Nebraska: "I have confidence in this system. It has relieved an unsightly skin and mental inertia through the valuable suggestions and hints in your four booklets. There is a mine of practical hints in them; enough to convince a sceptic were he to stick to the rules faithfully and give it a trial."

"Your little books eliminated chronic catarrh from my system in about three weeks. *To put it weekly, I was astonished.* I know now, that butter, eggs and rich cream caused the trouble. I thank you for your knowledge and hope to learn more of your system in the future."

### Different Classes of Foods Cause Different Diseases

I have produced in myself at will from time to time such complaints as rheumatism, catarrh, fevers, kidney trouble, blackheads, sores, dandruff, etc., by eating different classes of foods to excess, proving that the waste from each class of foods produces an entirely different disease. For instance, eggs, cream, butter, cheese, milk and salt are mucus-making foods which produce catarrh. Starch and eggs (paste making foods) in wrong combinations congest and produce headache, dullness, brain fag, etc., while lean meats, green vegetables, and fresh, juicy fruits do not.



### Correct Combinations of Foods Cure Diseases

I have always cured the above-named symptoms in a few days or weeks by returning to a correctly combined diet. The experiments have been fascinating and the results underlie success in life.

### People Write:

"My brain power and general efficiency have been about doubled this year by selecting healthy foods. I have made a fortune in real estate and the credit is honestly yours."

"The Government should investigate and teach the Brainy Diet System for the good of the nation."

"The hints in Booklet No. III, on foods for curing congested liver, nourishing the brain, etc., are worth untold dollars, although the books are free."

(1) Tests of Brainy Diet	(3) Effects of Foods
(2) Diet versus Drugs	(4) Key to Longevity
Send 10 Cents for Mailing	

Send Addresses of Your Sick Friends

G. H. BRINKLER, Food Expert, Dept. 22, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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THE "Eastern North Carolina Colonies" are right in the heart of the Famous North Carolina Trucking Belt—"The Nation's Garden Spot."

Why work *indoors* for others when you can work *outdoors* for yourself? Why slave on a hilly or rocky farm where you have a cold short season when this salubrious "Garden Spot" invites you. Engage here in vegetable, fruit and poultry raising. From \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year *profit* may be made from a 10 acre tract—some make \$1,000 per acre growing early vegetables.

The nearby Gulf stream tempers the climate. There are no long winters—no hot summers—no floods and no droughts. You work outdoors the year round and grow three or more crops a season. Notice the location—close to the great Northern markets. Only 34 cents a day buys a 10 acre tract of ideal land in ideal location.

Write now for full information.

Carolina Trucking Development Company,  
803 Souther Building, WILMINGTON, N. C.

REFERENCES: Hugh McRae & Co., Bankers, Wilmington, N. C.; W. J. Craig, Passenger Traffic Mgr., A. C. L. Ry., Wilmington, N. C.; Manufacturers Record, Baltimore, Md.



Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

# The Success Guarantee

MR. NATIONAL ADVERTISER,  
North America:

We accept your order for the insertion of the advertising of any honest and worthy product, at one dollar and fifty cents\* per agate line, to occupy a position on a page with reading matter in the October, 1911, issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, with the understanding that the edition (number of copies actually printed) will be not less than 280,000.

On or about December 1, 1911 (after returns have been received), we will furnish you with a correct audit of the net sales of the October, 1911, issue by Messrs. Gunn, Richards and Company, Certified Public Accountants, of 41 Wall Street, New York City.

Should this audit not show a NET SALE of more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies, we agree to refund to you an amount in cash (provided our bill has been paid as rendered) which will make the advertising rate to the advertiser three-fifths of one cent per line per thousand copies *actually sold*. (All free copies, advertisers' copies, exchanges, returns, samples and subscriptions paid for by advertising or circulation departments, etc., excluded.)

No charge will be made under this agreement for circulation, paid or unpaid, in excess of the above guaranteed sale.

Publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE,  
New York, August 23, 1911.

F. E. MORRISON,  
Advertising Manager.

\*Contracts will be accepted at this rate covering insertions up to and including issue of September, 1912.

The SUCCESS Guarantee is based on the quantity and quality of the service rendered.  
 1st—A guaranteed and proved NET SALE for each issue, all free copies and returns deducted.  
 2d—A rate adjustment favorable to the advertiser, based upon proved delivery.  
 3d—An advance subscription sale exceeding 80% of the total monthly sale.  
 4th—A position with reading matter on a page carrying not more than 336 agate lines of advertising.  
 5th—A column 2½ inches wide, admitting the use of standard magazine copy and electros, thus furnishing the advertiser over 15% more usable space per line or inch than is possible in the narrower columns of other flat publications.



**How to Make Figuring Easy and Rapid**  
is accomplished by using the Comptometer. Fifteen years ago an adding machine was a luxury. Present business methods make it a necessity. No modern office is complete unless equipped with one.

We use the Comptometer for various purposes in our cost accounting system and constantly checking the calculations on our outgoing invoices, and in posting pages journal, cash book, ledger, etc.

Sessions Pdy. Co., Bristol, Conn.

My trial balance has decreased from a three or four days'

Why not let us send you a book about it, FREE? Or, a Comptometer on free trial, prepaid, U. S. Canada?

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1737 N. Paulina St., Chicago Ill.

ways to one day's work. If you are pushed with work it is a help to have a reliable, Trusty, Machine.

We use your machine for proving the posting on the card ledger and find it absolute proof to such an extent in our trial balance that we have had no error in our trial balance within the last two years.

Hungerford Brass & Copper Co., New York.

An awful price is being paid every year and every day in American industrial towns. We have no legislation to protect our women except that in Massachusetts; we have no systems of maternal insurance; our industrial mothers are unprotected and therefore their babies as well. Except in the case of occasional employers who hold a woman's position for her for a certain length of time after the birth of her child, and except for a few day nurseries connected with certain industries, the country as a whole has given no consideration to the question of the protection of the nursing mothers in industry.

So in the long run, industry properly conducted does not make the State pay the frightful price of the deaths of little children.

In America a far greater number of married women have actually been employed in industry than have been employed in most of the smaller countries we have named. More families have actually suffered, and more homes been neglected through the impoverished health of the mother on account of her too quick return to work than in the small countries where the average number of married women employed is greater.

The life of the mother also has been shortened, as well as her period of working efficiency. The inevitable result of this has been an increase in the percentage of broken families. Death and illness of mothers have a kindred outcome: they scatter the little children among public institutions.

## AMERICA LAGS FAR BEHIND

But we, in this country, have not interfered with the personal liberty of our working mothers. They may remain working as long as they choose before the birth of their children to earn money to feed those they already have, and may go to work again as soon afterward as they can stand.

Recently the State of Massachusetts passed a law to go into effect the first of January, 1912, which provides that no woman shall be "knowingly employed in laboring in a mercantile, manufacturing or mechanical establishment within two weeks before or four weeks after childbirth."

This is the first legislation of the kind that we have had in this country.

*It is bad for a country to permit its workers to be maimed in a factory and to have no legal redress. It is worse for a country to permit its children to work in mills and factories at the expense of youth and health. But what about a condition of affairs which strikes at the very wellspring of life—which causes the death rate of its children to rise to an abnormal extent and which further causes children to be born puny and unfitted for the battle of life?*

It is a curious spectacle! On the one hand there is the tremendous and thriving industry which is daily accumulating fortunes for its owners and stockholders, and at the other side of the picture are the conditions under which the producers of this wealth work—conditions that cause women to bear sickly children, or if the children be born healthy, such that they die from lack of proper care.

The tragic part of it is, that these conditions are not necessary. They are partly the result of carelessness, and partly of rapacity and greed. Europe has read largely what such conditions mean to the race, and definitely is trying to remedy them.

Germany, France and England, and the other great European countries, have taken time to study these questions, because they had to keep up their fighting and industrial strength. Except sentimentally, it made little difference to our nation that the American birth rate has decreased.

In this country let us not be blinded because as yet the proportion of our married women in industry is a comparatively small one; let us be honest and think in numbers instead of in percentages. To-day our industrial towns are in the condition of Vienna before it made its experiment in maternal insurance, and in the condition of Germany before it incorporated maternal insurance with its sick insurance scheme.

An awful price is being paid every year and every day in American industrial towns. We have no legislation to protect our women except that in Massachusetts; we have no systems of maternal insurance; our industrial mothers are unprotected and therefore their babies as well. Except in the case of occasional employers who hold a woman's position for her for a certain length of time after the birth of her child, and except for a few day nurseries connected with certain industries, the country as a whole has given no consideration to the question of the protection of the nursing mothers in industry.

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See page 8

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

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Room and Bath, \$2.50  
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Our graduates earn \$250 to \$600 a week. We assist them in finding positions. Letters from our former students say—*"I am now living comfortably. Write for catalogues—NOW!"*

**ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY**  
951 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Continued from page 12

## The Soul Machine

come an automaton, we will have one afternoon to know each other. . . . You should know what you have destroyed to make a diaphragm! You shall take me—up the river. We will talk of music, pictures, books; our hopes and our ideals of life. I will sing to you. We will be just two friends together. . . . In the evening we will come back here, and then—We'll forget that now. Will you take me?"

"Yes," he said, "if you wish it." He shivered, and his voice shook.

"I wish it. . . . No word of love or marriage. Promise, on your honor."

"I promise."

"And no drawing back when the time comes. I shall not."

"And I dare not, Myra. . . . You do not understand. It is to save the world; and the world is many millions; and you are only one."

"Only one; and valued at six degrees. . . . Come, I am going to make that six into sixteen this afternoon; perhaps six and twenty. I want you to be sorry afterward for—laine!"

The setting sun was reddening the sky when the Professor and Myra reentered the laboratory. She carried a great bunch of wild flowers that she had gathered. Some of her hair fell loose when she took off her hat, and made her look very young.

"And now," she said, "you shall make your new diaphragm. Will you remember that it is once rather a nice girl? . . . You thought so this afternoon."

"Oh, Myra. . . ."

"Hush! . . . It has to be. It is fixed in your mind, beyond altering. Don't save your conscience by pretending to be overruled by me! . . . It is fixed in my mind, too. . . . Do quickly. I am ready. . . . Hush! Don't look!"

The professor moved the diaphragm from its slab, and set a library chair there. He draped it with cushions.

"Sit there, Myra," he said. "You will not feel any pain. When the machine starts you will know no more—as yourself—until it stops. Then I shall take you home. . . ."

"Me," said the girl thoughtfully. "Me, you call it that? Well, it will not know what has lost, will it?"

"I shall," he cried with sudden passion.

The girl smiled over her shoulder as she went to the chair.

"I think," she said, "your fifth dial will go higher than six, when you think of me. That why I made you take me out this afternoon."

"Oh, Myra!" he groaned.

"That will be your sacrifice, you see. . . . If you arrange the cushions, and make—diaphragm—comfortable? . . . Yes, it will be higher than six, won't it? . . . When you think of your poor little soulless, helpless diaphragm? . . . That is very comfortable, thank you!"

She smiled up at him without a tremor.

"I have the best part after all," she told him. "I shall forget. . . . And you will remember. . . . Good-by."

"Oh, Myra! . . . Don't you see I am like a signalman who must send the train to destruction—a thousand lives—or upon his head. The world needs your soul, and I—  
I kiss you!"

"Yes," she said. "I shall forget; and you remember."

He lifted her face to his, put her arms around his neck like a child, and returned his kiss.

"Think of this," she said, "when you take up your thoughts on your brand new diaphragm. . . . Good-by. . . . Please do it now." She sank back upon the cushions with sudden weariness, and lay there smiling; and a wonderful moment of beauty came to her. The professor looked at her and felt very faint.

"Myra," he cried. "It is my duty; and I

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in the  
Royal Gorge

## The Haynes Goes Everywhere

**A**ND the best part of it is that ever since 1893 the Haynes has been going everywhere that any automobile could go. Eighteen years of the history of automobiling are built into the 1912 Haynes. This means a whole lot to you who are considering the buying of your first automobile this year, or the buying of another car to take the place of the old one that is worn out or isn't good enough.

This eighteenth year of the Haynes car is a year of triumph for the pioneer American builder of automobiles. Last year automobile experts, and the public as a whole, declared the Haynes had reached the limit of quality production at a \$2100 price. It was hard to figure how any more automobile worth could be put into a car at the price of the splendid 1911 Haynes, but there is more in the 1912 Haynes, and the price remains \$2100.

The 1912 Haynes is not radically different from its recent predecessors. It is not radically better, but it does represent more all-round value than anybody has ever before been able to put into a car selling at the Haynes price.

The 1912 Haynes is a bigger car—120-inch wheel base; it's a roomier car—wider rear seat and more depth both in the tonneau and in front; it's a more powerful car—the 4½×5 motor gives forty to forty-five horse power; it's a safer car—larger brakes give one square inch of braking surface to every thirteen pounds of car, and it is a snappier, more stylish car—the whole car is finished in black with seventeen hand-rubbed coats of paint, and the trimmings are of black enamel and nickel.

The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we will send you a catalogue and name of dealer nearest you. The line is complete, meeting every demand—5-passenger Touring, 4½ h. p., \$2100; 4-passenger, 4½ h. p., \$1900; Coupe, \$2100; Coupe Coupe, 4½ h. p., \$2450; 5-passenger Touring, 50-60 h. p., \$3000; 4-passenger Coupe-Coupe, 50-60 h. p., \$2750; Model Y Limousine, 50-60 h. p., \$3800. Complete regular equipment for all models is of the very highest class. All models are so designed as to permit installation of electric lighting equipment at nominal cost. Address

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keep it back and don't pay a cent.  
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FREE by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do Not Wait; write if Now!  
TIRES—Coaster-Brake, rear wheels, lamps,  
parts, repairing tools, etc., all at actual cost.  
**MEAD CYCLE CO.** Dept. B15 CHICAGO

**U. S. METAL POLISH**

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893.  
Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904.

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darn myself if I refuse to do it; but I won't!"

His face worked painfully, and he strode down.

"It is you who are damning me!" he said, as if he had lost his reason. "You vowed to help me; declared that you were ready to do it. You meant to win me over with your fascinations. You talked glibly, dying, but you did not mean it. You tried to make me love you and marry you. I have saved the world, and now—I will die!" He laid his hand on the lever. Drew it with a groan. "After all," he said, "my life is your own. . . . Go! . . . It is I who will die!"

She sat up in the chair and looked at him with her hand on her chin.

"My life is my own," she said, "and that I have to give. I give it gladly!"

She leaned forward holding by the arm of the chair and put down a lever. The powers imprisoned in the machine fell upon her suddenly and she dropped across the floor of the chair. He threw himself upon the others wildly and pulled two together. They seemed to fill with lightning and then the Soul Machine fell to pieces. The broken window blew out. He saw a calm evening sky. And then he saw nothing.

A pretty young girl, with her head and hands bandaged, brought the professor home in a cab. He was unconscious. The policeman who came with them told his story of the explosion at the laboratory. They found the young lady sitting on the floor holding the professor in her arms. She had been sensible enough at first, and ordered the cab, but on the way she seemed to have gone dazed, and "lost herself."

The professor's sister drew Myra to her kiss her.

"Who are you, dear?" she asked.

The girl stared blankly and gave a short laugh.

"I am the new diaphragm," she said.

A fortnight later, when the professor was well enough to go out, he told his sister his whole story. She made no comment till the end, but he noticed that she shrank from him.

"There is only one thing that you can say," she said, after a painful pause. "You must marry her."

"God knows," he said, "I am willing enough; but Myra—"

"There is no Myra," his sister said. "She murdered her. God forgive you. . . . I think He will. . . . Myra loved you. Marriage is the best way to protect you left of her. You will go away, of course, leave her with me; but she has a right to my name. You must marry her."

"If she is willing—"

"Willing? If you ask her she will say yes, and say 'Am I?' . . . Oh, George!"

Sister cried a little.

They said no more till they heard the step in the passage. She had lived with them since the explosion. She did not speak when she came in—she never spoke till she was spoken to—but when the professor's kiss reached her she returned the kiss and smothered it.

"Would you like to go out with George, darling?" the sister asked, holding the round the waist.

Myra looked at the professor.

"Would I?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, Myra. Run away on your hat."

"Which hat?" she demurred hopefully.

"I will come and dress you, darling," sister offered.

Myra followed her obediently. Presently she came back in muslin and roses. She bought her a hat and dress like those the explosion had spoiled.

"Shall we go now, Myra?" he said.

"Shall we?" She always answered questions so.

"Yes, dear," he said, and then they and the professor's sister laid her head on the table and cried.

"Where shall we go, Myra?" he inquired when they were outside.

Original from See page 3

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

## A GAZINE

You know," she said.  
On the river?" he suggested. "Where we sat that afternoon? You remember, Myra?"  
Do I?" She looked at him doubtfully.  
I don't think I remember, because—I am a phlegm."

He groaned.  
Do you remember what that is?" he asked.

No," she denied.

He groaned again.

We will go on the river," he decided.  
Myra! You smiled so that afternoon.  
Will you ever smile again?"

Of course," she said, "if you tell me to."

He looked at her for her orders; and he heard a sound that was almost a sob.

We will go in a motor," he offered. "You motors. . . . Well, you did . . . I think do now, if you knew what you liked."

They came to the boat-stage presently and took a little skiff. He put her tenderly on the cushions and rowed till they reached a backwater; and there he stopped under a tree, among the water-lilies. She had been so pleased with them a fortnight before.

Would you like to gather some, Myra?" he asked.

Shall I?" She waited as always for his answer.

Oh, Myra!" he begged. "Can't you want do anything?"

I want what you want," she said.

Do you? . . . I want you to marry me,

Will you?"

If you tell me to," she assented comely.

I want you to love me, Myra." He held hands. "Will you?"

He frowned and bit her lips.

If you want me to," she demanded, "why don't you make me?"

I want you to make yourself," he entreated.

But, of course, I can't!" she said. "How if I am only a diaphragm."

Don't," he begged hoarsely. "Don't." He wiped his face in his hands and his body too. He was haggard when he looked up.

Myra," he said, "it's no use telling you how you can't understand; but I want to it. . . . The Machine shall never be made again. I see now that it was blasphemous.

We cannot save souls. They must save themselves. . . . Neither can we destroy them. Some day—perhaps after we are both dead, Myra—yours will come back to you—perhaps, in God's goodness to mine! . . . meanwhile I shall be punished enough, Myra. I shall break a little piece off my heart every

for want of the love that you cannot give . . . Don't you understand a little, dear?"

There was silence for five minutes . . . ten.

Then, for the first time for a fortnight she spoke of her own accord.

Come and sit beside me," she said, in a soft, steady voice, "and—yes, I think you hold my hands. . . . No. You must not me yet. . . . Listen! . . . There is a

Machine. It is called Love. . . . Souls

save themselves as you say; but love can them the way. . . . I learned that as I

in the ruined studio holding you in my arms. The floor shook, and I thought perhaps we should go through; and I wanted to pull you from the fall. . . . No. You must kiss me yet. . . . I love you very much.

I thought, if he dies he will lose his soul; if he lives, unless he gives up this wickedness of his own accord. Perhaps if he sees me

might have been; as a poor helpless soul creature, who was once a girl that he might pretty and bright and sweet—I could

that you thought that—perhaps he will be

and save himself then. . . . Perhaps

he will offer his ambition, his name, his love—

I wanted that!—to this poor hurt, helpless foolish thing. . . . And then, I thought,

I love him so dearly, I will be so good

him, that he will be glad that he has only

offered a machine and not a soul . . . two

. . . I love you very much. . . . And

you shall kiss me!"



## The Power Behind the Throne

Beauty is all-powerful. It has made and always will make history. It is the most valuable asset a woman can have, despite all arguments to the contrary.

Beauty is acquirable. Not perfect features; not perfection of proportion—these are not necessarily the real qualities; but a soft, fresh, youthful skin; a faultless complexion; a face without blemish or wrinkle.

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Pompeian is not a cosmetic or a rouge. It is not a "grease" or "cold" cream. It is entirely different, and works in Nature's own way. By rubbing Pompeian into the pores, wrinkles are smoothed over, flabbiness is done away with; dirt that defies soap and water is removed and the complexion assumes a natural, healthy color. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."



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**Trial Jar and Art Calendar, both sent for 10c.**  
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For year you have heard of Pompeian and its benefits.  
To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now, and enclose 10c. for postage and packing.

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## Don't Meddle With a Corn

Don't pare them. That doesn't help for long. And paring too deep has caused blood poisoning a good many thousand times.

Don't merely protect them. Don't doctor and nurse them. Cover a corn with a Blue-jay plaster, and the pain is ended. In two days the corn comes out. In the meantime you forget it.

Five million corns per year are removed in this cheap, simple way. No harm, no pain, no discomfort. Why don't you take advantage of this wonderful invention? Go get a package now. Get rid of corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

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In ordering by mail from our advertisers to write your name and address plainly.  
A little care in this will save all much trouble.

Advertisers, they are protected by our guarantee against loss. See page 3.

Continued from page



**"No he won't be back today. Gone home to rest. All worn out. Can't sleep. Nerves and indigestion I guess. Says he hasn't slept more than an hour or so each night for the last week. Poor fellow! If he doesn't take care of himself I'm afraid hell have to give up business."**

Nature's balance is delicately adjusted. Sound, refreshing sleep is necessary to restore the wasted nerve and brain cells. Sleepless nights are but forerunners of grave danger to body and mind. Take heed. Don't ignore Nature's demands. When quiet, peaceful sleep doesn't come regularly begin using

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It feeds, soothes and strengthens the nerves, aids digestion, braces up the overworked brain and brings profound sleep to help nature in her efforts to restore the wasted mind and body to normal health and strength. Through its nourishing and tonic properties it will make you mentally and physically fit to cope with business cares and worries.

Pabst Extract is The "Best" Tonic to build up the overworked, strengthen the weak, overcome insomnia, relieve dyspepsia—to help the anaemic, the convales-

cent and the nervous wreck—to prepare for happy, healthy motherhood and give vigor to the aged. Your physician will recommend it.

The United States Government specifically classifies Pabst Extract as an article of medicine—not an alcoholic beverage.

ORDER A DOZEN FROM YOUR DRUGGIST  
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## INVESTIGATE

as the representative of the greatest, grandest, greatest invention. Think of it—a Self-Wringing Mop.

You know how every woman hates to mop. And why? Because she must wring a sloppy, dirty rag with her hands—strain her back and wrists—wear herself out by fatigue. What a glorious new invention.

Liberty from this disagreeable task. The most time-breaking and nerve-wearing labor known to man.

The greatest drudgery of housework removed forever. The greatest drudgery of housewives removed forever. The greatest drudgery of representatives everywhere and we want you to

you to first investigate this great invention from your territory.

You can make from \$50 to \$75 a week selling this

every week selling this grand invention. Every woman interested—and buys.

No taking necessary, all you need is a few hours a day.

LISTEN! Our men's orders \$2,650

in one month—profit \$1,650.

Make \$100 in two hours and a half.

O. W. Handy, of New York sold largely sub-agents 150 persons pro-

duced \$100 in two hours and a half.

Listen! Our men's orders \$2,650

in one month—profit \$1,650.

SEND NO MONEY

U. S. MOP CO. 1421 Dorr St. TOLEDO, O.

Do you want to be Your Own Boss and Make BIG Money? Then write a postal to-day for complete information FREE.

Experience not necessary. Anyone honest and willing to work can profitably earn money \$5000.00 a year

and possibly more \$50,000.00 a year

in two hours and forty minutes. A. C. Weaver of Oregon made \$24.00 the first day. These are not exaggerated statements—they are actual reports. Hundreds like these come to us every day. Everyone who has used it has proven by oath-verified evidence. Read further. "I do not see how a better seller could be manufactured," writes Parker J. Smith, Toledo, Ohio. "I have sold it to many homes, made nineteen sales." E. A. Martin, Mich. "Most simple, practical, necessary, household article. I have sold it to many homes," says E. A. Martin, San Francisco. "Took six dozen orders in four days." W. E. Hill, Ill. "Don't delay. Write now." We want Agents—Salesmen—Managers, everywhere to fill orders, appoint, control co-operation, assistance, given at all times. You simply can't fail, because you Risk nothing. Think, consider, and you will understand that we are offering you an important position—an opportunity to actually enter the business yourself.

But there is another side to the story. Hundreds are getting rich in this new enterprise. But you must act quick. Be first. Write today—now.

**BEND NO MONEY**, just your name and address on a postal card for information and valuable booklet FREE. Territory guaranteed. Opportunity is open today. Write your name and address clearly giving name of concern.

A Self-Wringing Mop. Two turns of the crank wrings out over 90% of water. Mopping is now a pleasure.

Think Of It

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Think Of It

A Self-Wringing Mop

st-holes Colon and Panama used to be can  
dust that the Sanitary Department has been  
able to hire not only brains—but positive  
nious.

It is perhaps invincible to pick out one from  
the multitude of examples. But Dr. Darling,  
Chief of the Board of Health Laboratory,  
a type of the others. He is not even drawing  
a big salary. You may never have seen  
his name, but you can find it in the lists of  
honorary members of half the important medical  
societies of the world. You will find it  
frequently in the catalogue of any good medical  
library under the heading "Tropical Diseases." It is hardly conceivable that he would  
have more or better work for "profit."

A high official of the Steel Trust who was  
recently in the Zone, repeatedly expressed his  
admiration of a young mechanical engineer.  
was common talk that he was trying to buy  
him for Pittsburgh. This young engineer's  
particular genius lies along the line of shop-  
economy.

"What?" I cried when I heard it, "economy  
on a government job?"

Yes, economy. He had done marvels in re-  
ducing shop-costs. And he did it without the  
incentive of sharing in the profits of his  
economies.

If you stay long enough on the Isthmus to  
get really acquainted with the men, you will  
find that no other word is more frequently  
used than this word "economy."

There is a great fight on between the division  
on which is building the Gatun locks and  
the men of the Pacific Division, who are building  
similar locks on their side. About the  
amount of concrete is to be laid and the  
conditions of getting stone and sand and cement  
are equal, so it is a fair race. Only  
their methods of laying the concrete differ.  
Each side is violently sure that their way is  
better. If you want to start an argument  
you have to say, "I hear they got their  
concrete in place this week at Gatun for one-  
eighth of a cent less per cubic yard than at  
Miraflores."

#### RIVALRY WITHOUT INCENTIVE OF PROFIT

The Miraflores men will tell you that it is  
only a matter of bookkeeping. The Gatun  
crowd will assure you that it is a real differ-  
ence and that if the Miraflores outfit did not  
neglect their bookkeeping the difference would  
be at least half a cent. There is no keener  
rivalry between competing concrete firms in  
the States. I have seen several bridge games  
in the University Club broken up over this  
argument. Once a picnic at Naos Island  
would have ended in a fight—if the women  
had not intervened.

Such rivalry—when not inspired by the in-  
centive of private profit—is, of course, at variance  
with conservative tradition. And the  
inevitably disturbing thing is that it is a  
mess—not of opinions—but of facts. A man  
can be punished for subversive opinions.  
But fasts cannot be burned at the stake.

All this may seem even farther removed  
from us in interest than in distance. After all,  
even if the government can maintain large  
caravans on the Isthmus at a cost per month  
of a mule team of about one quarter as high  
as the most favorable bid from a private con-  
tractor (the facts and figures of the case are  
set forth in the 1907 Report) what does it  
mean to you and me and the good wife?

There is one aspect of this harebrained ex-  
periment in paternalism, which comes very  
much nearer our own problems.

The Commissary price-list published in the  
one on February 2, 1910, gave quotations  
for 73 kinds and grades of meat, poultry and  
game. In 32 instances there had been a re-  
duction of price. The *Canal Record*—a govern-  
ment newspaper, by the way—referred to  
this as follows:

"In the United States, at present, the  
average price of live cattle is higher than at  
any time since 1882, and the average price  
of hogs is higher than at any time since the  
Civil War. The reduction in the price of  
beef in the face of the high prices in the  
States is possible, because of economies that

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# DRESS BETTER AT LOWER COST

Your money will go further this Fall than it has gone in several  
years, owing to the very unsettled conditions which have existed in  
the textile trade for several months. We have been fortunate in our  
purchases of raw materials and made-up goods. Then, too, the new  
styles for Fall are extremely beautiful, more attractive than ever. You  
will be delighted with the strikingly beautiful garments which have  
been designed for the Fall and Winter season and surprised to learn  
the very low prices which will bring them to you from the great Macy  
store in New York City. Many of our buyers have returned or are now  
returning from the fashion centers of Europe, bringing with them the  
newest things produced by the style creators of the old world, and you  
will surely want to see the new Macy Catalogue, with its wonderful  
variety of merchandise, beautifully illustrated, fully and accurately  
described, and all so attractively priced as to enable you to dress better  
this season at a very material saving.

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will surprise you. This beautiful garment is only one of thousands of ready-to-wear  
garments illustrated in the Macy Catalogue for Fall and Winter, and we are ready to  
send you a free copy if you will write for it. The new book is larger and better than  
ever. It is easily the largest catalogue issued by any retail store in New York, the  
fashion center of America. It contains 628 pages, showing a wonderful variety of  
dependable, high-grade merchandise, everything for the family, everything for the  
home, all priced at the same low prices which have made Macy's the largest and most  
widely known store in New York.

Then, too, our new policy of paying the transportation charges on thousands of  
articles enables the woman in California to buy just as cheaply as the woman in New  
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the price we ask for any article of wearing apparel except shoes, or any piece of  
jewelry, and we will deliver it free anywhere in the United States.

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added. We cut out the profits and expenses of a host of middlemen and pass along the  
saving to you in the form of lower prices, and on thousands of articles we pay all the  
transportation charges too. Therefore, before you buy anything to wear or to use this  
Fall, please write us a letter or a postal card and ask for a copy of our new book. It  
will be sent you by mail, free and postpaid, the day we receive your request.

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# What Did Your Money Buy?

To get this information from its readers, SUCCESS MAGAZINE & THE NATIONAL POST will pay a total of

\$75.00

TO be of real service to its readers, and to give them the kind of things they want, a magazine must depend largely upon the information and advice of the very people who read it. You are really more of an editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE than you imagine. The service which it can render you depends largely upon how well acquainted we are with each other's tastes and desires and feelings. With a little of your help SUCCESS can do more than be inspiring and entertaining. It can be a help, a real service to you in many ways.

For instance—most of us work in order to live. The spending of the money received for our efforts is a mighty important thing in the lives of all of us. SUCCESS MAGAZINE is interested in getting for you the most and best for every dollar you spend. We want you to get your money's worth. To help us help you it is important to hear *from your standpoint* wherein our "buying service" is strong and wherein it is weak.

We, therefore, offer \$75.00 in prizes for information, as follows:

To the head of the family which buys, before October 31, 1911, the largest number of articles advertised in this issue of SUCCESS, we will pay \$25.00; to the head of the family reporting the next largest, we will pay \$10.00; and the next twenty, \$2.00 each. In case of ties the value of the prize tied for will be equally divided between each tying contestant.

## CONDITIONS

Someone in your family (father, mother, son or daughter) should send us a list of the merchandise purchased, giving name of the article, from whom purchased, and name and address of the manufacturer. For instance, a course in college, a package of breakfast food, a Kodak, an automobile, a watch, a pair of shoes, soap, a fountain pen, a revolver, insurance, a toothbrush and a can of paint, would be counted as twelve (12) articles. Write name and address plainly. State number of persons in family and occupation of the reader of SUCCESS.

Make out complete list of all the advertised articles purchased by your family and send your report not later than the 15th day of November, 1911.

Letters bearing post-mark later than November 15th will not be considered.

Mail your list of articles to

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER

Success Magazine & The National Post

29-31 East Twenty-second Street

New York City

have been effected in the running of the commissary system. . . .

"The reduction in the price of meat has been gradual, but consistent, during the past year. On January 17, 1909, porterhouse steak cost 29 cents a pound at the commissaries; on February 1, the price was reduced to 27 cents; on May 30, it was selling at 25 cents a pound, but as soon as the new contract went into effect, the price was reduced to 22 cents, and it remained at 22 cents until February 1, 1910, when it was reduced to 21 cents."

While we at home were talking about meat-boycott—and some of us practising it two thousand miles from New York City—the price of meat was steadily going down. Official newspaper explains it on the ground of economies of the "commissary system," which sounds like something which we at home might like to share with these far away exiles.

"A commissary system was established on the Isthmus in 1894 by the Panama Railroad Company to supply groceries to the heads of its departments only. In 1896 the stock of goods was increased and commissary privileges were extended to all employees of the railroad, all steamship lines, warships of all nationality, diplomatic and consular officials living on the Isthmus and the officials of French Canal Company."

This in a nut shell is the early history of the enterprise. The significant point is that at the very outset the right to trade at a commissary store was regarded as a "privilege."

## A HEALTHY YOUNG COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT

Back in 1894, the high officials of the Railroad planned a simple cooperative undertaking. The native merchants of Panama charged exorbitant prices and had very limited stocks. By pooling the buying power of these twenty-odd families, it was possible to save money and get the kind of groceries desired. It worked so well that everybody wanted to get in. On the other side the local store-keepers organized an opposition—the profits were threatened. But the idea—despite its heretical trend—was too good to be killed. It was evident to the little clique which started it and which found it very advantageous, that the more people who came into the combine, the greater the economies would be. As fast as the organization could overcome the opposition of the merchants, it let in new classes of buyers. When we took control of the Zone—ten years later—the little school of buying groceries for a few families had grown into a thriving general store.

In buying the Panama Railroad, our government also acquired this healthy young heretic of a cooperative movement.

Under the United States flag the merchants of the Isthmus hoped for better things. They immediately petitioned Washington to abolish this iniquitous assault on private property. They said they relied on the long established principles of our government and its known abhorrence to stifling individual initiative.

Despite all the logical arguments against—despite the hoary traditions of our political economy, our government denied the petition. The Commissary is still doing business. Hardly a month passes when the Canal Railroad does not note some new economy, which has been developed—some new nail driven into the coffin of "middleman's profit."

The matter is discussed in the Annual Report for 1907.

"Supplies are furnished to the hot messes, kitchens and employees . . . by Commissary Department . . . which has developed into a modern department store."

The Report for the next year (1908) says:

"Through its thirteen branch stores at more important points along the line of the railroad, the Commissary supplies ice, meats, breads, cakes, ice-cream and groceries of all kinds, as well as laundry service. . . ."

"The value of commodities sold during the year aggregated \$3,735,607.11. . . ."

By the end of June, 1910, the Commissary business had grown to an annual "turnover" of



Continued from page

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**6% Interest to You on Your Easy Payments  
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We do all the work. Our expert Holland farmers operate the farm you buy on one-half crop-share basis, if you do not go there now or in the future. You can begin now by taking one \$100 Ownership Certificate, or more, at only \$10 down and \$5 per month.

## Winter Garden Farms

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Each Ownership Certificate represents 1 acre in Winter Garden Farms. Five of these certificates may be exchanged by you at any time for a deed to 5 acres, 10 for 10 acres and up, in multiples of five. Each dollar you pay draws guaranteed 6% interest continuously until you want to live on or operate your farm. Less than 300 farms of 10 acres each are now offered. This is the richest land in America, raising winter vegetables and fruits for northern markets.

You get clear title deed from the largest and strongest title and trust company in the world, with which we have placed this land in trust. By individual certificate, open ownership, from U. S. Government Agricultural experts—maps—photographs—actual cash crop figures, descriptions and testimonials from prominent northern business men, as well as leading New Orleans and southern business men, you will find that the officers of this Company, our plan, and this "crop-a-year land" itself offer the most profitable opportunity for safe investment in farms anywhere today.

**Men and Women on Salary and Keen Business Men are Investing Here**

We want all to be absolutely satisfied by most careful investigation before investing a dollar. Write for our books explaining all details. There are less than 300 acres now offered in Winter Garden Farms and it is the best land in the country. We will give you a report, within 10 miles of New Orleans' market and rail and water shipping docks. To avoid disappointment, we advise you not to delay investigation. If not satisfied by our proof, it will cost you nothing. Write today to reserve your share, or to get all facts and books free and investigate fully.

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First buyers of 5 acres or more get first choice of Winter Garden town lots in New Orleans' new subdivision on the bank of beautiful Lake Pontchartrain—only 100 town lots free. Share in this special offer. First inquiry buyers get first choice.

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## The Speeches of Woodrow Wil

these matters would insure a universal recognition of the matter from one end of the country to the other and would by that means redeem the reputation of a great profession and set American society forward a whole generation in its struggle for an equitable adjustment of its difficulties.

### A NEW TYPE OF EXECUTIVE

Our executive officers, State and national, must, he believes, bear a large share of the task of securing progressive legislation:

The increasing dependence of the country upon its executive officers is thrusting upon them a double function. They must undertake the business of agitation, that is to say, the business of forming and leading opinion, and it will not be very effectual or serviceable for them to do that unless they take the next step and make bold to formulate the measures by which opinion is to be put into effect. What the result of this will be upon our forms of governmental procedure we can only conjecture. But one thing is plain, it puts tremendous responsibility upon executives and at the same time brings them out into such a blazing light of publicity that they are checked as they never were checked before in the exercise of their prerogatives. Their new powers, if they be new, are not powers of compulsion; they are only powers of leadership. They cannot oblige legislatures to carry out their decisions. They can only seek to lead and instruct public opinion. Their strength is nothing except when their fellow citizens agree with them and stand back of them in the great business of politics.

Governor Wilson is a Democrat and there is a theory, at least partially based upon it, that the Democratic Party is jealously jealous of the rights of the States. In his dress before the Conference of Governors at Frankfort, Kentucky, Dr. Wilson refused to accept the States' rights doctrine without qualification:

The organization of business has become more centralized, vastly more centralized than the political organization of the country itself. Corporations have come to cover greater areas than States have come to live under a greater variety of laws than the citizen itself, have encircled States in their budgets and loomed bigger than whole commonwealths. Their influence over the lives and fortunes of entire communities of men. Centralized business has built up vast structures of organization and equipment which overtop all States and seem have no match or competitor except the Federal government itself, which was not intended for such competitions. Amid a confused variety of States and statutes stands now the Colossus of business; uniform, concentrated, poised upon a single plan; governed not by votes, but by commands, seeking, not service, but profits.

"The States," he said in his Lincoln braska address, "must fill in the detail, must undertake the regulation which adjusts enterprise to the daily life of the community. must see to it that there is no essential antagonism between the use of wealth and development of a wholesome life, that gates of every opportunity are kept open, men are everywhere free to work, that communities are protected against disease, particular classes against the crushing burdens of certain kinds of labor, that the streams utilized as the sources of power and refinement, that the forests are conserved within their borders, that the resources which are to be common are not monopolized and exclusively for private benefit and profit."

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fits smoothly—stays in place—retains its until you release it.

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success magazine in answering advertisements, they are protected by our guarantee against loss.

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Among the duties left to the State government is that of looking after the interest of its workingmen. In his inaugural address he took advanced ground upon the question of labor legislation:

We call these questions of employers' liability, questions of workingmen's compensation, but those terms do not suggest quite the whole matter. There is something very new and very big and very complex about these new relations of capital and labor. A new economic society has sprung up, and we must effect a new set of adjustments. We must not pit power against weakness. The employer is generally in our day, as I have said, not an individual, but a powerful group of individuals, and yet the workingman is still, under our existing law, an individual when dealing with his employer, in case of accident, for example, or of loss or of illness, as well as in every contractual relationship. We must have a workingman's compensation act which will not put upon him the burden of fighting powerful composite employers to obtain his rights, but which will give him his rights without suit, directly, and without contest, by automatic operation of law, as if of a law of insurance.

## CORPORATIONS HAVE NO RIGHT TO PRIVACY

But when we have once more taken the government into our own hands, what then? How shall we deal with the economic evils that confront us, with the trusts, for example? Governor Wilson, in his Indianapolis address, made most emphatically the point that the corporations have none of the rights of private individuals and must be treated solely as the public welfare demands:

A modern joint stock corporation can not in any proper sense be said to base its rights and powers upon the principles of private property. Its powers are wholly derived from legislation. It possesses them for the convenience of business at the sufferance of the public. Its stock is widely owned, passes from hand to hand, brings multitudes of men into its shifting partnerships and connects it with the interests and the investments of whole communities. It is a segment of the public; bears no analogy to a partnership or to the processes by which private property is safeguarded and managed, and should not be suffered to afford any covert whatever to those who are managing it. Its management is of public and general concern, is in a very proper sense everybody's business.

He has aroused great interest and some criticism by his strictures on the so-called money trust. The following is quoted from his Harrisburg address:

## THE PERIL IN A MONEY TRUST

The plain fact is that the control of credit is dangerously concentrated in this country. The money resources of the country are not at the command of those who do not submit to the direction and domination of small groups of capitalists, who wish to keep the economic development of the country under their own eye and guidance. The great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly. So long as that exists our old variety and freedom and individual energy of development are out of the question. The industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities are in the hands of a few men who, even if their action be honest and intended for the public interest, are necessarily concentrated upon the great undertakings in which their own money is involved and who necessarily, by every reason of their limitations, chill and check and destroy genera-

## 1500 FARMERS IN

# Pecos Valley

(NEW MEXICO)

will ship this year about eight thousand carloads alfalfa and apples, worth two and one-half million dollars.

Shipments of other fruit, cotton, wool and live-stock will total several million dollars more.

## Why not get a farm there yourself?

Do you realize what a farm in the irrigated valleys of the West means? It insures independence, comfort and a wider account for you and yours. It means a better home, a better education and enlarged opportunity for the children.

You can attain all this in the Pecos Valley of New Mexico. Soil, climate and seasons are just right. Water for irrigation is available from artesian wells, within a restricted district; from private and community pumping plants, and from gravity canals outside the artesian belt.

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The soil of the Pecos Valley is deep and rich in all essential plant foods.

Pecos Valley apples are eagerly sought in Eastern and European markets.

The famous green alfalfa grown in this valley commands a premium wherever offered for sale.

Pears and peaches, grapes, melons, grain and garden truck, melons and castor-oils all bear bountifully and return a handsome profit for the time, energy and money invested.

The splendid climate and abundant sunshine puts color and flavor into all crops grown.

You can buy land to-day, with water developed, at from \$75 to \$100 an acre. Land without developed water may be had for as low as \$5 or \$10 an acre.

Most of this land is sold on liberal terms, requiring only a small cash payment.

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The average holding is small.

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Ten People Get \$40,000.00  
They Tell You How to Win**



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## THE MAGIC STORY

By Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey

Eight years ago this story first appeared in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It was published in book form, but was never given a wide circulation. Notwithstanding this fact, the "Magic Story" has made its own way by mouth-to-mouth advertising, until today there are literally thousands of men and women in this country who know it and love it.

None is so poor or so "down on his luck" that he cannot put its principles into effect and again come into a broader and more successful life. We can't tell you much about this story—you must read it for yourself.

The "Magic Story," Popular Edition, bound in French Japao Paper, will be sent on receipt of 15 cents.

Address Book Department

**THE NATIONAL POST COMPANY**  
29 East 22d Street, New York



SEE IT ENLARGE

ALLEN MFG. CO., 3380 Allen Building, TOLEDO, OHIO



This is a picture of my big confectionery store in Springfield, Ohio.

The money I earned, selling Popcorn Crispettes—a new, delicious confection—enabled me to do it.

My Popcorn Crispette Machine made me a rich man. Any other man who goes at it as I did can make a lot of money. I am just a common, everyday sort of a fellow. No reason why I should do any better than you.

Write me to-day. I'll tell you how I built my big business. I'll tell you just how I went about it—how you can do the same.

If you follow instructions you should make more money this fall and winter than you ever dreamed of. Somewhere in your town there is a small store—a half-store or a little nook—even a store window—where you can set up your machine and make money. You can start at home if you wish.

### Every Time You Take In A Nickel You Make Almost Four Cents Profit

You'll have a good thing all to yourself. I furnish a secret formula for making Crispettes; it's different from anything else. So you escape competition. People buy and buy and buy Popcorn Crispettes because of the taste. They're so different—so tasty and tempting, folks want more and more of them.

In my literature I tell you all about them; about men who have made big money with the machine, and the men tell you how they did it. It's very interesting reading.

Making money isn't nearly as hard as it seems. Half of success is in making the start—the other half is nerve, judgment and a good proposition. I've got the proposition—you've got the nerve and judgment. Put the three together now and make money, as I did. At least investigate. Look into the proposition. Get my story, and the story of other men who are making money with a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine. Write to-day.

W. Z. LONG, 384 High Street, Springfield, Ohio

I stand ready to help  
other men to make good;  
men who have  
business hopes;  
who are anxious  
to make  
lots of  
money.



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ine economic freedom. This is the greatest question of all and to this state must address themselves with an earnest determination to serve the long future and the true liberties of men.

New Jersey's Governor has very little sympathy with the prevailing practice of buying up special private interests by means of the tariff law. To quote again from Indianapolis address:

Of course the chief triumph of commerce, of covert phrase and unexplained classification, is the tariff law. Ever since the passage of the outrageously Payne-Aldrich tariff law our people have been discovering the concealed meaning and purposes which lay hidden in it. They are discovering item by item how deeply and deliberately they were deceived and cheated. This did not happen by accident; it came about by design, elaborated, secret design. Questions upon the floor in the House and Senate were not frankly or truly answered. An elaborate piece of legislation was foisted on the country which could possibly have passed if it had been comprehended by the whole country.

## THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S OPPORTUNITY

Governor Wilson has reason to be grateful to the non-partisan sentiment in this country, both for his election as Governor and his present standing before the people. Recognizing the non-partisan nature of his program, he yet maintains that his own party is best fitted to carry it out. To quote from his remarks in Kansas City:

In both the great national parties there are men who feel this ardor of progress and of reform, and in both parties there are men who hold back, who struggle to restrain change, who do not understand it or who have reason to fear it. Doubtlessly the present moment offers greater and larger opportunity to the Democratic Party than to the Republican Party, but this is not because there are not men in the Republican Party who have devoted their whole intelligence and energy to necessary reform, but because the Democratic Party as a whole is failing to move and to act than the Republican is and is held back by a smaller and weaker body of representatives of things that are and have been.

New Jersey's Governor has been called radical, but instead of denying the charge insists that we remember that the real meaning of the word is "going to the root."

On the other hand he does not feel that the standpatters are entitled to the exclusive use of the word conservative:

I will not permit without challenge men who are holding back, the men who are afraid of the people, to use the half-word "conservative" and appropriate that to themselves. I maintain those of us who believe in the so-called radical program are intelligent conservatives, and they are the unintelligent conservatives. The distinction which I make is that time-old distinction between Liberals and Tories—between men who can move and men who are such. But the honest bones that they cannot forget anything and cannot learn anything, because the so-called standpatter is a man who is feeling himself to the top of his head. I suppose a man on an ice-floe in the Arctic region thinks he is standing still, he is not. There is a great drift of the universe under him. I suppose the so-called conservatives suppose they are standing where their fathers were. They are doing nothing of the kind, because the country is not where their fathers were.

Now does Governor Wilson confine democratic principles to the field of politics?

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

cation, too, must be removed from the nation of monied interests. The fellow is reminiscent of his struggle for greater democracy in the administration of Princeton University:

Who constitute the trustees of your diversities? For the most part, the men of large wealth and of important corporate connections. Do you realize that these gentlemen of large wealth and great corporate connections, no matter how honest they are, as those that I have had do with have been scrupulously honest, no matter how well disposed toward the progress of education, and most of whom are very well disposed toward the progress of education; nevertheless have a particular point of view with regard to American life that is not the proper point of view for young men in America to be brought up under?

#### THE DEMOCRACY OF THE BIBLE

In religion, also, he sees the manifestation of his spirit of democracy. The following is an extract from his inspiring address at the Denver Auditorium upon "The Bible and Ourselves":

There are kings upon the pages of scripture, but do you think of any king of Scripture as anything else than a mere man? There was the great king David, a line blessed because the line from which should spring our Lord and Saviour, a man marked in the history of mankind as the chosen instrument of God to do justice and exalt righteousness of the people.

But what does this Bible do for David? Does it utter eulogies upon him? Does it conceal his faults and magnify his virtues? Does it set him up as a great statesman would be set up in a modern biography? No, the book in which his faults are written strips the mask from David, strips every shred of counterfeit and concealment from him and shows him as indeed, an instrument of God, but a sinful and selfish man, and the verdict of the Bible is that David, like other men, was one day to stand naked before the judgment seat of God and be judged not as a king, but as a man. Isn't this the book of the people? Is there any man in this Holy Scripture who is excepted from the common standard and judgment? How these pages teem with the masses of mankind! Are these the equals of the great? These are the equals of the people—of the common run men.

**OPTIMISM BUT NOT COMPLACENCY**  
It always comes back to this, to faith in mass of the people, not only in their honor, but also in their intelligent conservatism.

"The American people," he says, "are too often run wrong. When you combine the best American people you combine all interests and in order to get this accumulated power you must do the just and equitable thing. The people of America, the body of people, are absorbed in business, in living, in business. They are earning their living by their brains and the sweat of their brows, and you cannot make a mob out of material of that sort. You cannot make a reekless, passionate force out of a body of sober men earning their living in a free country, with in the people, and a joyous, militant confidence in their ultimate victory."

He did not allow yourselves to be dismayed," said to his lieutenants in the New Jersey boss campaign. "You see where this machine is entrenched. It looks like a real thing. It looks as if real men were inside, if they had real guns. Go and touch it, a house of cardboard. These are imitation hosts. These are playthings that look like guns. Go and put your shoulder against it and it will collapse."

# About Remembering

by Elbert Hubbard

FOR some long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, which ever you choose to call it, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

#### Mr. Dickson teaches memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is fifty-five years old. He is a graduate of three colleges. But this man is neither bright, interesting, learned nor profound.

He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he **cannot remember**. Without his notes and his reference literature, he is helpless.

His mind is a sieve through which sinks to nowhere the stuff that he pours in at the top.

#### Education is only what you remember.

Every little while in business I come across a man who has a **trained memory**, and he is a joy to my soul.

He is a general manager of a great corporation in a Western city. He never misses a fact. If he sees you once that's enough. The next time he'll call you by name, inquire about the folks at home.

He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write down here lest my good friend Dickson object.



This Dickson System of Memory-Training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm you exercise it. The same with your mind.



#### The man whose memory plays tricks

If you want to enlarge your arm exercise it. The same with your mind.

The strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice water and forgot

down in kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory.

You've sympathized with the little girl who stammered her "piece." But you've wept for the strong man who stammered and sucked air and gurgled ice water and forgot, and sat

down in kindly silence. In the child it was embarrassment, but in the adult it was a bad memory.

Write and ask Prof. Dickson to tell you how he trains the memory.

How to Get a FREE Copy of This Book

<b>PROF. HENRY DICKSON</b>	
Principal, Dickson School of Memory 706 Auditorium Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.	
Send me free Booklet, "How to Remember," also full particulars how to obtain a free copy of "Dickson's How to Speak in Public."	
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